"The Cailer"















THIS SECOND EDITION OF "THE TATLER" IS RESPECTIVLLY DEDICATED

то

THE ALUMNI AND THE ALUMNAE

OF THE ALTON HIGH SCHOOL,

BY THE

CLASS OF '07,



Foreword





IS the purpose of THE TATLER not only to preserve a permanent record of the life of the Alton High School, but also to form a bond of union between the present and the former pupils of the institution.

This second issue will, it is hoped, be of special interest to the Alumni and the Alumnae, to whom it is dedicated, and to all former students, whether graduates or not. It contains, in addition to the events of the year 1905-06, a list of all teachers connected with the school for thirty-two years, and of the graduates during those years. These lists will, we are sure, not seem mere names to those for whose benefit they were compiled, but will serve to recall many a forgotten face, many a merry prank, many a helpful lesson of by-gone days.



Board of Managers.

Editor-in-Chief, VIRGINIA BOWMAN,

Associate Editors,

ETHEL RICHARDS, BERNICE GILLHAM.

> Art Editor, EDWARD BELL.

> > Business Manager, CARL BEALL

Boo-la Song.

Well, here we are; well, here we are; Just watch us running up the score. We'll leave those fellows so far behind That they wont want to play us any more. With faith and hope in dear old High, In her we can not fail. Boo-la, boo-la boo, boo-la, boo-la boo,

Boo-la boo, boo-la boo-la, boo-la boo.

Chorus: Boo-la boo-la, boo-la, boo-la, Boo-la boo-la, boo-la boo-la. Just to cheer for our High School, Alton High School, Alton High. Well, isn't it a shame: well, isn't it a shame.
To do those poor fellows up so bad?
We've done it before, we can do it once more.
Though they feel so very, very sad.
We'll roll the score so very high
That you will hear them sigh:—
Boo-la boo-la boo, boo-la boo-la boo.
Boo they hear here is here in boo to boo.

Chorus: Boo-la boo-la, boo-la, boo-la, Boo-la boo-la, boo-la boo-la, Just to cheer for our High School Alton High School, Alton High School, Alton High

Yells.

Oski-wow-wow Skinny-wow-wow. Sis, boom, bah, Alton High School, Rah-rah-rah! Chi-hee, chi-hi, Chi-ha-ha-ha, Alton High School, Rah-rah rah!



M.R. JOHN ELLIS TURNER, the principal of the Alton High School, passed his early life in Taylorville, Ill., and was graduated from the High School of that city. Later he entered Lincoln University, at Lincoln, Ill., and after finishing his course, engaged in teaching. In 1894 he became assistant principal of the Alton High School, a position which he held for one year. Upon the resignation of Mr. George E. Wilkinson as principal, Mr. Turner was chosen for that position. Since that time he has devoted himself thoroughly to the school's interests and has brought the course of study, the equipment and organization of the school to a high degree of efficiency. During his principalship, the teaching force has increased from four instructors to nine, a new building has been erected, and the enrollment of the high school has grown from one hundred and twenty to three hundred and thirty-five. The excellent new \$50,000 building was entered in 1902, an event which marked a new era of development in the school.

Increased library and laboratory facilities stimulated the study of subjects dependent on these helps, while the gymnasium has become an habitual resort for those boys and girls who are fond of exercise. The High School has also

won a place on the accredited lists of a large number of the leading colleges and universities of the United States, thus giving graduates from this school entrance to those institutions without examination.

The possession of a large and suitable auditorium, also, has made possible a large number of pleasing and instructive entertainments, such as lectures, concerts and recitals. Through the efforts of Messrs, Haight and Turner, such a course was instituted this year and met with remarkable success.

Great as has been the progress of the High School, still larger and higher attainment lies in the future, and it is to be hoped that the school may continue to enjoy for a long time to come the wise and efficient direction of Mr. Iohn Ellis Turner.

THE TATLER."



EVERTE G. RICH, (Illinois State Normal).
Instructor in Civics, History.



B. C. Rivingries in A.M., Asst. Principal. Instructor in English, Latin,



BERTHA W. FERGUSON, A.B., Instructor in Latin, German,



ROBERT L. BIRD, A.B., Instructor in Biology.



FMSIV LE MOYNE REPUBET, A.B., Instructor in English, Physical Culture.



A. E. Barradelli, Olliobis State Normal). Instructor in Mathematics, Athletics.



Helen Navlor, A.B., Instructor in Mathematics, Latin



Carolyn M. Wempen, B.S. Instructor in Mathematics, History.



MINNIE M. BOALS, Instructor in Music.



KATHARINE HACK, Instructor in Drawing,



Some Facts About the High School.

Complete records of the proceedings of the Board of Education of the City of Alton have been preserved only since 1874. Some of the minutes for the year 1859 are also in existence; from them we learn that "an Advanced School" was to be maintained "in some suitable place" during the year 1859-1860, under charge of a "male principal." The name of the principal is not given: Miss Kate Foote was appointed assistant. At this time tuition was paid by all pupils attending the public schools of Alton, except "the children of the indigent poor." Tuition to the "Advanced School" was as follows: "To those residing in the city, \$3.00; to those residing outside the counship, \$6.00."

From the minutes of the Board of Education for the years 1874-1905 we compile the following facts of interest:

YEAR.	TEACHERS.	G	RADUA	TES. 17
		Boys.	Girls.	Total.
1873-1874	E. A. Haight, Mrs. E. A. Haight, Dannie F. Smiley,	2	24	26
1874-1875	E. A. Haight, Mrs. E. A. Haight, Pronie F. Smiley,	1	16	17
1875-1876	R. A. Haight, Berinthia M. Bhuu, Sarah Stelle,	Ė	35	40
1876-1877	R. A. Haight, Sarah Stelle,	7	14	21
1877-1878	R. A. Haight, Sarah Stelle,	2	21	23
1878-1879	R. A. Haight, Sarah Stelle,	4	15	
1879-1880	R. A. Haight, Sarah Stelle,	6	7	19 13
1880-1881	R. A. Haight, Sarah Stelle.	9	8	
1881-1882	F. D. Rood, Sarah Stelle,	3	8	13
1882-1883	J. D. Roberts, Sarah Stelle,	2		9
1883-1884	J. D. Roberts, Sarah Stelle,	4	8	15
1884-1885	W. L. Tarbet, Sarah Stelle,	4	7	11
1885-1886	W. L. Tarbet, Brilla Hudson,	3	13	16
1886-1887	W. L. Tarbet, Brilla Hudson,		13	20
1887-1888	W. L. Tarbet, Carrie Rich.	4	19	23
1888-1889	W. L. Tarbet, Carrie Rich,	1	17	18
1889-1890	W. L. Tarbet, Carrie Rich, Bertha W. Ferguson, _	2	. 9	11
1890-1891	G. W. Shepardson, Carrie Rich, Bertha W. Ferguson,	3	17	20
1891-1892	G. W. Shepardson, Carrie Rich, Cora J. Seward,	2	11	13
1892-1893	G. W. Shepardson, Carrie Rich, Cora J. Seward,	7	15	22
1893-1894	G. E. Wilkinson, Carrie Rich, Cora J. Seward, A. F. Freark,	2	12	14
1894-1895		. 7	11	18
1895-1896	G. E. Wilkinson, Carrie Rich, Cora J. Seward, J. E. Turner, Course extended to 4 G. E. Wilkinson, Carrie Rich, J. E. Turner, B. C. Richardson.	years; no		
1896-1897	G. E. Wikinson, Carrie Rich, J. E. Turner, B. C. Richardson,	-1	9	13
1897-1898	J. E. Turner, Carrie Rich, B. C. Richardson, W. T. Richardson,	6	12	18
1898-1899	J. E. Turner, Carrie Rich, B. C. Richardson, H. S. Voorhees, Bertha W. Ferguson,	2	17	19
1899-1900	J. E. Turner, Carrie Rich, B. C. Richardson, H. S. Voorhees, Bertha W. Ferguson,	6	14	20
1900-1901	J. E. Turner, Carric Rich, B. C. Richardson, Bertha W. Ferguson, J. W. Park,	9	20	29
1000-1001	J. E. Turner, Carrie Rich, B. C. Richardson, Bertha W. Ferguson, J. H. Dickey,			
1901-1902	Alta M. Hilliard.	8	18	26
1301-1902	J. E. Turner, Carrie Rich, B. C. Richardson, Bertha W. Ferguson, J. H. Dickey,			
1902 1903	Alta M. Hilliard	4	21	25
1902 1903	J. E. Turner, Carrie Rich, B. C. Richardson, Bertha W. Ferguson, J. H. Dickey,			
1903-1904	Emma Le M. Reppert,	6	20	26
1903-1904	J. E. Turner, Carrie Rich, B. C. Richardson, Bertha W. Ferguson, J. H. Dickey,			
1004 1005	Emma Le M. Reppert, R. L. Bird,	3	17	20
1904-1905	J. E. Turner, Carrie Rich, B. C. Richardson, Bertha W. Ferguson, Emma Le M. Reppert,			
	R. L. Bird, A. E. Barradell,	7	13	20
		138	460	598
		100	400	230



Graduates of the Alton High School, 1874-1905.

Florence Adams (Mrs. Eaton). Hundley Baker. Ambrose Bibb. * Cleveland Bierman. Anna E. Allen. Minnie M. Allen. Hattie Basse (Mrs. Bangert). Gertrude Bishop (Mrs. Scott Ridge-Nellie M. Alt. wav). Harriet Armstrong. * Rose Basse. James C. Armstrong. Kate S. Armstrong, Lillie E. Armstrong. * May Armstrong. Paul Armstrong. Matilda Armstead. Lucy Black (Mrs. George Sauvage). Roy Beall. Lucy Ash. Emma Bell (Mrs. Harry Mackinass). lefferson Linia Lillian Blair (Mrs. C. Caldwell). Henry S. Baker. Belle Bergman.

Sarah E. Riair Frank Boals. Harry Boals. Loutie Boals (Mrs. Eberhardt) Ella H. Bode. Margaret M. Boone. Ethel Borden. Rilla Bowler. Lollie E. Bowman. Lue Retta Bray. Alma B. Braznell (Mrs. Wm. Morris) Lucy Breckinridge (Mrs. T.A. Taylor). Edith L. Brenholt. Miriam Breuchand nor). Jennie Browning (Me Lanam HubNellie Bruner (Mrs. May). Marie Buckmaster (Mrs. Sparks). Alice Bund. Ruth Burgess. Jeanette Butterfield. Emma H. Caldwell (Mrs. Flagg), Charlotte I. Cannell. * Eva Cannell. Emma Carbart Ida E. Carnahan. Lucy Cary (Mrs. Walter Waples). Anna Challacombe. Mabel G. Challacombe. Rosa M. Challacombe.

Etna M. Christoe (Mrs. E. Byron). Emma Clement (Mrs. Merriwether). Edward H. Connor. Ellen M. Coupland. Robert Cousley. Isabel Cowling (Mrs. Chas. Hummert). Lucretia Crane. Anna Crossman (Mrs. Chas. Cross-Rachel Craig (Mrs. Brown). Joseph H. Crawford. Caroline Cunningham. Newton Cunningham.

Sarah Emery (Mrs. James Smith).

Elizabeth Forbes.

Florence Davis.	Bert Dooling.	Cordelia Enos.
Fred L. Davis.	Mamie Dooling.	Sophia Eppenberger.
Homer Davis.	Edna Dorsey.	Theo. Erbeck.
Kate Davis (Mrs. Geo. Brunner).	Harriet Doughty.	Viola Erbeck.
Lucie C. Davis (Mrs. Hosea Sparks)	Sarah Dow.	Bertha W. Ferguson.
Ralph Davis.	Minnie Dovle.	Dexter Ferguson.
Leila Dawson.	Ellen F. Drury.	Harry R. Ferguson,
Mae Dawson.	Emily G. Drury (Mrs. Arthur Davis)	Martha Ferguson (Mrs. Geo. Stratton).
Charles Degenhardt.	Elizabeth Duncan.	Warren S. Ferguson.
Amanda DePugh.	Esther Duncan.	Sadie Fiedler,
Kate DePuy.	George Duncan.	Martha Filley (Mrs. Waldo Fisher).
Alice E. Diamond.	Isabelle Duncan. *	Minnie Finke (Mrs. Louis Hoppe).
Emil Dick.	John Duncan.	Phoebe Fischer.
Emma Dick.	William Duncan.	Sophie Fischer.
Theodosia Dimmock (Mrs. Jacob	Altivene Dunn.	Barry Flagg.
Wead).	Susan Dunn.	Charles H. Flagg, *
Ella L. Dixon.	Charles Dutro.	Amelia Flynn.
Gertrude Dixon.	Sarah Dutro.	Earl B. Flynn.
Hattie E. Dixon.	Anne Earl.	Jessie Flynn.
Ida Dixon.	Henrietta B. Eaton.	Ralph Flynn.
Mary E. Dixon.	Annie Eichhorn.	William Flynn.
Maud H. Dixon.	Fred K. Elfgen.	Ellen Fletcher (Mrs. Taylor).
Sarah Dixon.	Courtney Ellison.	Emma Fletcher (Mrs. Didlake).
Florence Dolbee.	Alma Ely (Mrs. Wm. Porter).	Malinda Fletcher.
Harriet Dolbee.	Harriet Emerson.	Annie Ford.

Mary Donaldson.

Helen Forbes. Martha Foxx Ida Frick. Anna Gates (Mrs. Stuart) Ella Gates (Mrs. Rutledge) Lucy Garenne (Mrs. Keith). Grace Gillham (Mrs. Chas. Bartlett). Mande Gillham Irene Gormley. Mary Graham. Lizzie Gratian (Mrs. Neece). Mary Gray (Mrs. Marsh). Maud Gregg. Pauline Guy. John Hagar.

Rettie Haight (Mrs. J. E. Turner)
Edith Hamill (Mrs. Carl Wuerker)
Effie Hamilton. *
Ida Hamilton.
Edwin Hand.
Ruth Hanna (Mrs. John Haskell).
Norman Hapgood.
Blanche Harden.
Annie Hardy.
Charles Hardy.
Joseph Hardy.
Marcia Hardy. *
Benjamin Harris.
Jessie Harris.
Jessie Harris.
Sarah Harris (Mrs. R. D. Nixon).
Bertha Hartmann.
Louis Hartmann.

Annie Harville. Mabel Harville (Mrs. LeMasters). Mary Hastings. Dell Hathaway (Mrs. Elmer Whitney). Harriet Hathaway (Mrs. Farley). Louise Hathaway. Lucy Haven. Edith Hawkins. Mary Hawley. John Haywood. Otto Heide. Cornelia Heidel. Gustaye Hermann.

Gustave Hermann. Harriet Heskett (Mrs. Oscat Paul). Nellie Heskett (Mrs. Henry Cardell). Alice Hewitt (Mrs. Eugene Elwell).

Abbie Hobson. *
Angie Hoffmeister.

Maria Hoffmeister.

Carrie Holden. Loutie Holden (Mrs. Geo. Gray)

Phoebe Holden. Joseph Hollister. Weller Hopkins. Bertie Howard. Fannie Howard. Elijah Howard. Wallace Hubbard.

Wallace Hubbard William Hubbell.

Barbara Hubner.	Arthur Johnstone.	Leila LaPelle.
Alice Huddlestone.	Grace Johnstone (Mrs. Tom Collins).	Margaret Lal'elle.
Arabella Hudson.	Mary Johnstone (Mrs. A. J. Howell).	Allie Laughlin (Mrs. Montgomery).
Bertha Hughes.	Laura Jones (Mrs. Geo. Russell).	Emilie Laughlin.
Lvnn Hull.	Lucy Jones.	Lulu Lehne. *
Ida Hummert.	Lucy I. Jones.	Emma Lessner.
Lulu Hunter.	Walter Juttemeyer.	Grace Levedy.
Minnie Hunter.	Carrie Karl.	Jennie Levis (Mrs. Owens).
Charles Huskinson.	Ada Keiser.	Mary Lewis (Mrs. Robert Forbes).
Guy Huskinson,	Ella Keiser, *	Anna Leyhe.
Jessie Huskinson (Mrs. Hopkins).	Harriet Keiser (Mrs. Frank Levis).	Regina Levser.
Sarah Huskinson (Mrs. J. B. Shifflet).	Mary Keiser (Mrs. Fischer).	Charles Logan. *
George Hch.	Harry Keith.	Edith Logan.
Henry 11ch.	Mary Kenney.	Janie Logan.
Jessie Inglis.	Mary King.	Annie Long.
Anna Inveen (Mrs. A. E. Bassett).	Louis Klein.	Blanche Long.
Emma Inveen.	Alfred Koch,	Sadie Looniis (Mrs. Long).
Alice Job.	Nora Kopp.	Mollie Luce (Mrs. A. W. Hope).
Esther Jacoby,	Louise Koehn (Mrs. Locke).	Mae Lynd.
Joannetta Jacoby (Mrs. Christoe).	Emilia Kuhn.	Lizzie Lyons.
Ruth Jacoby.	George Kuhn.	Georgia MacAdams (Mrs. Frank
Ida Joesting (Mrs. Harry Gifford).	Louise Kuhn.	Clifford).
Nola Joesting (Mrs. Fred Berner).	Helen Laird (Mrs. Frank Taylor).	Rowena MacAdams, **
Eunice Johnson.	Nellie Lane.	Alice McCarthy.
Frederick Johnson.	Ward Lane.	Caroline McCarthy.
Mary Johnston.	Hannah Lang.	Hattie McCarthy.

Sallie McCarthy. Anna McClain Lucinda McClain. Agnes McClure (Mrs. C. B. Stanton). Blanche McClure (Mrs. E. J. Hugh McCrea. William McCrosky. Ruth McDow. Margie McGinnis. Eva Mack. Lillian McKee Mary McKinney, * Iames McPike. * John McPike. Mattie McPike. Mary Maguire. Ada Malcolm. Walter Malcolm.

Iva Maupin. Leroy Maxfield. Frank Messick, * Agnes Millen (Mrs. McClure). Lillie Millen. Marion Millen. Mamie Miller. Rosa Miller. Eva Montgomery. Harry Moore. Ida Murphy (Mrs. John Logan). Louise Nathan. Wyllis Neal. Emily Neininger. Florence Neininger (Mrs. Ben Eden). Phoebe Neininger (Mrs. Gerhardt). Ada Nichols. Hattie Nichols. Anna Nishett Josephine Niven. Kate Nixon (Mrs. Bunn).

Mary Noble (Mrs. Charles Sparks) Augustus Norton. Perry Norton. * Sena Ohen. William Oben. Minnie ()'Haver. * Nellie O'Neill * Kittie Pates (Mrs. Charles Yager). Hattie Parker (Mrs. Charles Levis). Eva Pepler. George Pfeiffenberger. James Mather Pfeiffenberger. Blanche Pfeiffer.

Lulu Phinney (Mrs. Geo. Burr). Mamie Phinney. Mary Phipps. Hortense Pickard (Mrs. Brown), Frank Pierce. Mae Pierce. William R. Pinckard. Mary F. Pitts. Kate Powell. Lucy Price. Emma Mae Ouigley. Beatrice Rice. Charles Rich. Mand Ridgway Anna Riehl Mary Riley. Emma Rodemeyer. Bertha Roesch Denny Roper.

Dora Rosenberger. Annie Rueckgauer. Iulia Rudershausen Minnie Rudershausen. Edith Rue (Mrs. Ed. Haight). Helen Rue (Mrs. Jewett Smith). Hattie Russell * Grace Rutherford (Mrs. Johnson). Amy Rutledge. Sarah E. Ryan. Bertha Ryrie. Effie Ryrie. George Ryrie. Harriet Ryrie. Irene Ryrie. Jessie Ryrie. Mary Fannie Ryrie (Mrs. Scott). Charles Sachtleben William Sachtleben Caroline Schiess (Mrs. Bradley).

Hermina Schulte (Mrs. Hull). Caroline Seibold. Nettie Segraves. Jennie Siene. Emma M. Simms Susan Simpson. Grace Sloss. Edna Smith (Mrs. Allen Keiser), Harriet Smith Lucy Smith. Mabel Smith (Mrs. Page). Maggie Smith. Mary S. Smith. Ruth Smith (Mrs. Fred Worden). Arthur Sonntag. Tillie Sonntag. *

Hosea Sparks. Hosea B. Sparks. Mary Esther Sparks. Annie Springer. Hattie Souier. Mabel Stamps. Clara Stanforth. Della Stanton Emily Stanton. Fannie E. Starr. Irene F. Steiner

Sarah Stevens Adele Stratton. Ethel Terrell.

Frank B. Tesson. Pelagia Thomas (Mrs. Blair). Delia Tomlinson (Mrs. Boston Corbett).

Mamie Tomlinson (Mrs. Stuart Leech) Agnes Toohev.

Grace S. Topping. Helen M. Topping. Jessie P. Topping. Edna Trabue. Rosalie Trenchery.

Wilhelmina Trenchery. Rose Trube. Walter Valentin

Harriet Vissering. Lydia L. Waldron.

Cynthia Walworth.

Harriet Waples (Mrs. Frank Crowe). Wilbert Ward.

Elizabeth Watson (Mrs. Geo. Mc-

Emma Watson.

Grace Watson (Mrs. Lewis Carr) George Wehmeier. Walter Wehmeier. Carolyn M. Wempen.

Della Wempen. Minnie Wempen (Mrs. Garstang).

Lizzie Weston Florence Whipple. Irving Wilkinson.

Belle Wilson (Mrs. Alex. Cousley).

Ada Wise (Mrs. Rumsey). Sarah P. Woods. Mary Woodside, *

Charles Yager. Estelle Yager (Mrs. Stephen Beach).

Ida E. Yager (Mrs. Sparks).

Levi Yager.

Josephine Yokum (Mrs. Johnstone).

THIRD ANNUAL MEET

OF THE

HIGH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION OF MADISON COUNTY,

Edwardsville,

MAY 5, 1905.

PROGRAM.

Oratory.

Piano Solo. (a) "Tarantelle," S. Heller
(b) "Impromptu Mazourka," C. Bohm
Edith Frohardt.

AND CHE NOTICE AND

The Penalty of Greed - - - Ferdinand Jehle

Piano Solo, "Rhapsodie No. 12," Liszt Bessie Bickelhaupt

American Patriotism, - - - Irene Nunn Home, - - - - Cozamine Wilson

> Piano and Cornet Duet Henry and Edward Schwartzbeck

The Warning Voice, - - Roland Griffith
The Sword and the Pen, - - Wm. M. P. Smith

The Stranger within Our Gates - Herbert C. Smith

Violin Solo, "L'Aragonesa," valse de concert D'Alard Op. 42 Sara Travous

Declamation.

Jack, the Fisherman,			Elsie Waterman		
Forest King's Victory,					
The Little Polish Boy,			E Lou Bell Jolly		
Piano Solo, <i>Second Mazurka</i> Martha Leutwiler					
Claudius and Cynthia,			Cecil Barnsback		
The Seamless Robe, -			- Lula Warnock		
The Soldier's Reprieve,			- Linda Herman		
Instrumental duet, "T Puritani" by Bellini Grace Friend and Lillian Curlee					
"Italia"		Cho	rus of Thirty Voices		

Essay.

Altruism -				- Mata	Roman
Puritan Influence i	n Englan	d and	America,	Birdie	Machin
The Race Problem	-	-	-	- Bert	ha Tontz
The Garden of the	Heart,	-		- Tes	sie Blake
Woman in Music,				Vinot Ca	artwright
Age of Gold versus	s the Gold	len A	ge,	Hortense	Corbett

The Third Annual Meet.



last the great day arrived! May 5, 1905, the most important day in the year to the members of the Alton High School—the day when we were to go to Edwardsville (ever hear of that village?) and show the Edwardsville High School and the other schools in the Madison County High School Association, what they couldn't do. This was our third annual meet: we had won the pennant the year before and we had no intention of coming home without it this time. Think what an undecorated spot it would leave in our beautiful assembly hall! And then it makes such a nice background for the teachers when they line up on the stage for the morning exercises; for their sakes we felt bound

to bring back the pennant. The day seemed to have been created especially for field events; perhaps old Sol was trying to make up for the scare he gave us the year before, when he did not appear until the middle of the afternoon, With colors flying and banners waving an enthusiastic Alton crowd boarded a special train. On the way over we had plenty of time to practice our yells and songs, for the train crew seemed to think that they ought to give Edwards-ville time to prepare a suitable reception for its distinguished guests. The train went so slowly that those who were in a hurry got out and walked on. At Cahokia Creek the train stopped and some of the energetic Alton people got out and shucked some corn in a field near by, in order to get some cobs with which to "fire up" so that the train might move on again.

After a delayed but successful journey through the jungles of Cahokia, our train finally rolled into the ancient village of Edwardsville. We found the people over there wide awake (for a change) and the sun was smiling sympathetically down on them. Well, they needed it—needed all the sympathy they could get. We marched through Main street just to show that we were from Alton, then proceeded to the magnificent and spacious opera house where the intellectual events were to take place.

We were not so fortunate in this contest as we were the year before at Collinsville; but then Collinsville people know how to behave when some one is reciting. Miss Lula Warnock captured the second prize for us in a

declamation which she gave in her usual charming manner. Our representative in the oratorical contest, Herbert Smith, had by far the best oration—the rival schools all admitted that—and was delivering it in fine style, but the noise was too much for him. Miss Vinot Cartwright took the third prize in the essay contest. The intellectual contest ended very much in favor of our neighboring school, Upper Alton, as that city took nine out of a possible fifteen points. Well, at any rate, there was an Alton on the end of the name of the winning school.

After getting on the outside of an excellent dinner, provided by the ladies of the Methodist church, we started for the field where the athletic events were to be held. We walked and walked and then walked some more and finally reached the field of battle. Excitement had reached fever heat when a man strolled leisurely up the field with a megaphone in his hands and, adjusting this apparatus to his lips, shouted in sonorous tones, "First call for the fifty yard dash." At the third call the contestants came forward from the tent: among them was our man, Hagar, who walked up to the line as unconcerned as though he were going to run a race by himself. The pistol shot sounded, and something which looked very much like a comet with five tails (there were six men in the race) passed the spectators. The comet proved to be Hagar, our speedy runner: the first "tail" to cross the line was Dial of Granite City.

Next came the shot put. Degenhardt was our representative in this stunt and would have won, only the shot happened to hit the ground too soon; he was beaten a few inches by Juda, a second Hercules, of Collinsville.

Then came the quarter mile run, in which Matthews of our town was to try his luck. After leading the bunch for about one hundred and fifty yards he turned round and saw tears in the Edwardsville man's eyes, and to be accommodating, fell and let the man Bohm, of Edwardsville, beat him. Well, we were glad Edwardsville got these five points, for we did not wish to be selfish.

In the pole vault our crack vaulter, Beall, jumped so high that he just got down in time to run the hurdle race.

The Collinsville man came second, but he was so far behind Beall that it is hardly worth mentioning.

The one hundred yard dash was the next thing to witness. After the dust had cleared away, we found that Hagar of Alton had again won the wreath. Dial of Granite City finally came came in, capturing second place.

Now came the standing broad jump. In this event Enos jumped a couple of times just to play with the boys, and then he went and rested while the others tried for his mark; but they could not reach it, for he had jumped 9 feet, 7½ inches. Long of Collinsville came nearest to Enos and so won second place.

The one hundred and twenty yard hurdle race was easily won by Beall of Alton, who had won it twice before. The Edwardsville man managed to stumble over the hurdles in time to take second place.

Enos did the running high jump for Alton, so you can guess the result; he jumped five feet and then watched the rest struggling for second place, which was won by Collinsville.

This event was followed by the half mile run, the "windy" run of the day. After leading all for over half the way, Sparks, who is noted for his generosity, let the man from Granite City pass him and contented himself with second place.

The hammer throw was now announced and after showing that he could throw a twelve pound hammer as far as any of the others could throw an eight pound one, Lonie Neininger picked up the eight pound hammer just for fun and tossed it 120 feet, 2 inches, which was about twenty-five feet further than any of the others could throw it. Edwardsville came second.

Enos came forward again in the two hundred and twenty yard dash and need I tell you that he won it? Well, he did, and in an easy jog; it did not seem necessary for him to hurry.

Hagar showed the rest that they were asleep in the running broad jump. He jumped 18 feet, 7 inches, and took the first prize with ease. A Collinsville man jumped up and got second place.

The last number on the program was the half mile relay race. Our team was composed of Hagar, Allen, Beall and Enos. The rest forgot they were running when they saw our men flying around the track. Hagar started off the music by distancing his man about twenty five yards; he passed the corks to Allen, who started off like a whirlying and left his man back in the woods: Allen tagged Beall, and the latter ran with his usual speed, showing

Hagar and Allen that they were not the only fast ones: Beall passed the run to Enos, who glanced sympathetically at his competitor and meandered in, closing the circuit and annexing another five points to our total.

Alton made almost a clean sweep in the meet, taking sixty out of the possible eighty points, and thereby clinching our claim on the pennant for another year.

About seven o'clock we boarded the train for our return trip. Representatives of all the other schools were there to see the victors off and after we had exchanged cheers with them, the train pulled out. We spent our time on the journey home cheering the contestants, cheering the victors, cheering the teachers, cheering each other; in fact, everybody was all right. We arrived in Alton tired but happy, and after parading the streets of the town to show the people that our trip had not been in vain, we dispersed, to meet again next year, we hope, for another victory as complete as this.

Generical Gilliam

Says the stupid geometry,
"Let A D be greater than B C."
But B. C. is unable
To credit the fable
Of anything greater than HE.



Oration.

Irene Nunn, Upper Alton.
 Roland Griffith, Granite City.
 W. M. P. Smith, Edwardsville.

Official Score, Intellectual Contest. Essay.

Mata Roman, Granite City. Birdie Machin, Upper Alton. Vinot Cartwright, Alton. Delamation.

Lou Belle Jolly, Collinsville.

		THIRETIC CONTEST.	
7	Fifty Yard Dash. John Hagar, Alton. Time, 64 s.	Shot Put. Elmer Howe, Granite City, 36 ft. 6.	Quarter Mile Run. A. Bohm, Edwardsville,
2.	Chas. Dial, Granite City. Dan Collins, Collinsville.	Albert Degenhardt, Alton. Ben. Juda, Collinsville.	John Beaty, Granite City. Walter Stelle, Upper Alton.
	Pole Vault.	Hundred Yard Dash.	Standing Broad Jump.
2.	Roy Beall, Alton. 8 ft. 10½ in. Dan Collins, Collinsville. Moser, Highland.	John Hager, Alton. Time, 11 sec. Chas. Dial, Granite City. Alvin Bohm, Edwardsville.	Edward Enos, Alton. 9 ft. 7½ in. C. Long, Collinsville. J. Tetherington, Edwardsville.
	120 Yard Low Hurdles.	Running High Jump.	Half Mile Run.
2.	Roy Beall, Alton. D. Hadley, Edwardsville	Edward Enos, Alton. 5 ft. J. Snadden, Collinsville. Highland.	John Beatty, Granite City, 2 m. 14\\ Edwin Sparks, Alton Highland.
	Hammer Throw.	220 Yard Dash.	Running Broad Jump.
2.	Alonzo Neininger, Alton, 130ft, 2in. F. Fisher, Edwardsville. , Collinsville.	Edward Enos, Alton. 25 sec. Holland, Highland. D. Hadley, Edwardsville.	John Hagar, Alton. 18 ft. 7 in. C. Long, Collinsville. Parr, Granite City.
	Half Mile Relay.	Tota	als.
2.	Alton. Granite City. Highland.	Alton 60 Granite City 31 Collinsville 18	

Officers of the Association.

T. M. BIRNEY, President	Edwardsville
J. E. Turner, Vice-President	- Alton
HARRY WAGGONER, Secretary and Treasurer	- Granite City

Judges of Delivery.

Prof. R. O. LOVEJOY Washington University
Supt. C. E. RICHMOND Litchfield, Illinois
Prof. S. I. NICHOLAS Ass't V. P. St. Louis University

Judges of Thought and Composition.

Prof. DAVID FELMLEY I. S. N. U., Normal, Illinois Prof. H. A. HOLLESTER University of Illinois Miss Inex Hollesberger Ass't Dept. Eng., Carbondale

Oration The Stranger Within Our Gates.



ROM that period of the distant past, when, impelled by an instinct no less powerful than that which warms the southward-winging bird to escape the stormy cold of winter, the barbaric Celt broke from the environment of his primitive home and sought the wild unpeopled wastes of Europe, humanity has felt the sway of an inner prompting to rove o'er land and sea in search of fortune and of power. Many and various have been the motives prompting men through the ages to pilgrimage and discovery. It was the vision of religious freedom that summoned the Puritan from his native hills, piloted him across the forbidden sea and settled him in this land where, as the merited reward of his hardships, he

might build his shrine unhindered and worship his Creator in his own way. No less lofty sentiments inspired those who refused to bow to Old World tyranny and sought a land where political liberty might be theirs. These were the ideals of many who have come to America in the past.

But with the growth of our country and the resultant increase in immigration the motives have sadly declined. If you could stand on the wharf at New York City and see the unkempt multitude of Italians, Poles, Norwegians and Russians disembarking from the immigrant vessels, you would find it impossible to imagine that this motley crowd seek our shores to secure the benefits of political or religious freedom.

What motives so various and so far reaching as to bring annually knocking—at our gates, 750,000 foreigners?
First, there are those selfish men, thousands of whom seek the higher wages paid in America. Not at all considering any reciprocal benefit to those paying such wages, they grasp at that money, which their narrow minds crave. Forced through their ignorance to undergo any impositions made by their unprincipled leaders, they throw the native out of employment, reduce him to poverty and disturb the industrial life of the land. To these men led by demagogues can be traced the majority of our strikes and the attendant conditions of discord which tend only to complicate the labor question of the day. Shall we stand by and see our own countrymen humiliated and impoverished at the

feet of these aliens? The thought that these foreigners are thriving at the expense of our brothers is one against which we cannot but rebel.

A second class of immigrants who bring danger to our social and political life consists of those that land upon our shores with false and perilous interpretations of liberty. That one may do his pleasure everywhere and always is their creed. Like fierce dogs released from the chain and leaping forth to seize their prey with blood-thirsty mouths, these foreigners escaping from Old World despotism rush hither to work their wicked purposes and to engage in crime. In their attempt to enjoy their liberty, what is the result? Witness the condition New York. Here are seen the abuses and felonies introduced by foreigners. To whom are due the desecration of our Sabbath, the curse of the opium den and the great prevalence of drunkenness? Would any American wilfully degrade his country thus? No! It is at the foreigner's door that the blame for such deplorable conditions must be laid. Statistics prove that seventy per cent of all the their, murder and general crime is perpetrated by men of foreign birth. And is this remarkable when we consider that Turkey, Italy and Spain employ our country as a dumping ground where they may rid themselves of their criminals by actually paying the passage of such men to our shores? A country free from crime is impossible, but criminality could be greatly lessenced by excluding these debased scoundrels. Their disregard for American institutions will inevitably reduce our country to the level of Old World nations. The presence of imported criminals and the consequent growth of anarchism are the curses which have already laid low three of our Presidents, and even now compels us to protect our chief executive with private ruards.

Nor is demoralization of our citizenship the only result of unrestricted immigration. Diseases, strange and loathsome, are conveyed to us by these vagrants of other lands. Some may declare that consideration of this phase is comparatively unimportant; but in this they commit a grave error. The mode of life pursued by the average immigrant breeds disease with remarkable swiftness. Notice the prevalence of disease in the tenement districts of our large cities, veritable hot-beds for its growth. Investigation shows that the vast majority of residents in these localities are foreign-horn.

But the spread of disease and contamination physically is far less perilous than the corruption of our body politic, due to immigration. Some may deny this by asserting that unless foreigners are naturalized they cannot

influence political conditions. But such denials fail to meet the facts brought to light by recent investigation, that in many of our sea-board cities there are places, mostly operated by men of foreign birth, where the newly-arrived immigrant may actually secure the naturalization papers for which our laws demand five years residence. In return for this favor they place themselves under bond to support some political "boss," who uses them to defeat the demands and purposes of his fellow citizens. Will such men make desirable members of the nation? Are their principles such as should actuate Americans? Every true patriot must answer, No! What, then, can be done? It has been suggested, that immigration depots be established in every foreign country, or a station on Ellis Island where the only possible remedy for so great evils is legal restriction. Whether or not such plans are practicable, one thing is certain: every citizen ought so to realize the magnitude of this question that he shall ever have in mind the highest welfare of the nation and the perpetuity of her free institutions.

HERBERT SMITH

Said Miss N, to her class: "You know You can't see a point, and so——" "Ha! Ha!" cried the class,— Every boy, every lass. Little Miss Gwinner
Sat at her dinner
A-eating of crisp celery:
There a Sophomore spied her
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Gwinner? Not he

There was a small boy named Ed.
Who had an extremely long head;
"Since my stature is low.
And I'm uncommonly slow.
Just hand me those medals." he said.

Essay - Woman in Music.



MOTION is the summit of existence and music is the summit of emotion," for in it we find every note in the gamut of human nature from excessive joy to profound despair. It inspires, enrages, elevates, saddens, cheers and soothes the soul as no other art can. It gives voice to love, expression to passion, and "performs its loftiest homage as the handmaid of religion." But woman, who is the inspiration of love, who has a deeply religious spirit, who has a more powerful and yet more delicate emotional nature than man, and who, in fact, possesses all these qualities essential to musical production, has always been the stimulus rather than the creator of music. Why is this true? It seems that from her

very nature she should excel in this art rather than in any other; for music is the highest expression of the emotions, which are the dominating element in woman. She is the embodiment of emotion, for she is reached through it, and acts from it. She feels its influence, its control and its power, but does not realize the beauty of it, nor does she comprehend and contemplate it, as man does. He sees these emotions in her and feels some impulse within him to express them in musical language.

It is true, however, that woman has ventured into the realm of musical composition as far back as the days of ancient Greece, where music and poetry were considered as one. Then also in France, the land of the troubadours, in mediaeval times, woman predominated with her gift of song. In the ninetenth century, there were women composers displaying activity in nearly every form of composition, including dramatic works, oratorios, and operas. However, woman did not excel, but was only feeling her way. Her first entrance into music, as a composer, has been within the last twenty-five years, and during this time, woman has been pressed into self-support; she has competed for, and obtained university degrees; woman dentists, lawyers, physicians, scientists, and painters have all made their advent, and with them the woman composer. She has a broad musical field in the present and may it not be hoped that she will in the future task her place among the great masters?

A phase of feminine character which may bear upon this problem is woman's inability to endure the disconagements of the composer. Beethoven's and Mozart's lives were a constant struggle with adverse fate, and Schuman's great works never received any recognition until after his death. There is scarcely a composer that did not write amid the environments of poverty; but this is not all. They were also forced to contend with various other discouragements, among them, prejudice, opposition and indifference. Nevertheless, their musical productions are destined to endure, for the grandeur and majesty of their works have come out of these storms of life. But amid such overwhelming disappointments and in this sphere of life where music has had its origin, woman has not the power of endurance. She, norcover, is bounded by homely cares, from rising to setting sun, and thus has few intervals for relaxation, and certainly no leisure for musical effort.

Then, also, if music were an art composed merely of "ravishing melody" and "passionate outbursts" such as joy, grief and vague, dreamy sensations, woman probably would have grasped it ages ago, and filled the world with harmony, as she has with song. Music is not only an art, but an exact science, for its foundation principles are purely mathematical. It is well known that woman has rarely achieved great results in the mathematical world, but has predominated in the realm of romance, imagination, poetical feeling and expression. Thus it seems almost impossible for her to bind and measure her emotions within the rigid law of harmony and counterpoint; we must look to the sterner and more obdurate nature of man for this.

However all these things may be, woman has been essentially influential in the musical field; first, because of her interpretation through the medium of her own voice; and second, through her inspiration to the great composers to produce music. It is evident that without interpreters there would be no composers. After man's efforts have been worked out, woman becomes the interpreter. Through all the elements, love, passion, poetry and religion, which combine to perfect her song, she gives fitting expression to the ideas of the masters. The interpretation of vocal music is a realm where her sway will always be undisputed, and so long as there are artists to sing, there will be expressed to write.

Not only is woman the interpreter, but often the inspiration of music. Man is the creator, but woman is the inspirer. It is not exaggeration to claim that without her influence many of the masterpieces of to-day would never

have been written. It is said that Chopin dedicated his "Impromptu in A Flat" to one of his favorite pupils and presented it to her on her wedding day. The first movement embodies the joyous, hopeful, congratulatory spirit of the occasion, but is followed by a touch of half-veiled sadness in a minor key, which is called forth by the thought that their art work together was at an end. But this mood of depression gives place to the thought that she has found the supreme cure for all human ills—love. The idea is expressed with a repetition of the first strain, brightly, happily, and with a restful completeness of fulfilled desire in the closing chords. Thus this talented and diligent student inspired Chopin to write this valuable little work. There are countless other instances where not only the attachments of love, but the bonds of friendship, the influence of woman's companionship, and the endearments of home, have given color, form, and direction to the music of the composers. Thus woman, though not the creator, raises music to greater heights by inspiring the creation, and then interpreting it to the world. Man is the intellect that expresses the grand and the beautiful in music; Woman is music's inspirer.

VINOT CARTWRIGHT.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang in memory's hall,
ls one of a dear old dress skirt
That Barradell drew on the wall.



ALTON HIGH SCHOOL.

Class of 1905.

Class Day Program.

June 8th, 2:00 P. M.

usic, Piano Duet, -		The	eo. Er	beck, Katie Powell		
ass History, -				Walter Juttemeyer		
ocal Solo, "There is Always a Song Somewhere,"						
				- Lillian Bauer		
ration, Count Leo Tolst	oi,			- Wilbert Ward		
ass Poem,	-			- Phoebe Fischer		
usic, Quartet,				- Nocturne		
Mary Esther Sparks, Lillian Bauer,						
Matie Bowman, Theo. Erbeck.						
ration, Booker T. Wash						
lass Prophecy, -						
usic, Piano Solo				- Isabelle Wolf		
eclamation, The Whistling Regiment (by request)						
ocal Solo, "Mendelssohn's Spring Song,"						
ane Presentation to Jun	iors,			- Herbert Smith		
Class Song.						

Class Song.

O, sing a song for Nineteen-five.

With all your might and main.

Whose deeds are noble, hearts are true.

The best in brawn and brain, Hurrah! Hurrah! For Nineteen-five!

CHORUS.

Oh! We're the class that makes things "hum,"
We're very much alive,
At work we fairly dive,
Smart tricks we can contrive;

To thee be praise for endless days,

(). Nineteen-five!

We've held the field against all foes,
We've flung our colors high;
Hurrah! Hurrah! For Nineteen-five;

And where they lead, we'll follow on,

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Nineteen-five!

But now we're thru' our tame school days
We'd like to raise a racket.

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Nineteen-five!
So when a good chance comes along,

We'll manfully attack it.

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Nineteen-five!

Chorus—

Class of 1905.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF THE ALTON HIGH SCHOOL,

At High School Auditorium, Friday, June 9th, at 9:30 a.m.
Program.

Music			Piano Duet
	Theodosia Florence	Erbeck, Cathe	erine Cecilia Powell.
		Invocation.	
Music			"May Song"
		Chorus.	
Salutatory .			Catherine Cecilia Powell
			"At the Threshold" Ave. Baptist Church, Chicago.
Music		Chorus.	— "Love Wakes and Weeps"
Valedictory			Lucy Mary Jones
		plomas, by Dr of the Board of	r. G. A. McMillen, f Education.
Music			''Italia''
		Chorus.	

Class Roll.

Lillian Marie Bauer

Charles LeRoy Beal

Mary Elizabeth Bowman

Mary Isabell Dooling

Charles Courtney Ellison

Jonathan Nichols Hagar

Theodosia Florence Erbed

rances Laura Howard

Phoebe Louise Fischer

Mary Jones

Walter Leo Juttemever

Regina Iulia Levser

Herbert Cushing Smith

Marguerite Mary McGinnis

Arthur Henry Sonntag Mary Esther Sparks Catherine Cecilia Powell

Wilbert Clarence Ward

Isabelle Mary Wolf

MOTTO: "HE CONQUERS WHO CONQUERS HIMSELF."

The Great Banquet.



HAT a world of mystery was hidden away in the tiny envelopes which were handed to a number of the High School pupils a week or more before Commencement of last year! Exclamations of gladness were heard all over the room, when each one had characteristically opened his invitation, one slowly, as though prolonging the delightful anticipation of the joys it betokened, another quickly and eagerly, as though unable to wait for the good news it contained. One girl cried, "A banquet! how delicious!" as though she were already tasting the good things to come. Another exclaimed, "A banquet! how grand! how perfectly elegant!" as though to her had already been disclosed the scale of magnificence

upon which we would be entertained. The boys, too, had their own way of expressing their appreciation, for one was heard to say, "A banquet! whoopee—say, that's all right!" But we weren't permitted to hear what the rest had to say, for study hour began just then and, although all eyes were upon books, all minds were upon the coming pleasures, and no one was sorry that he had taken part in the extra intellectual and athletic work which had earned him this invitation.

The time was set for the evening of Commencement Day and no one but the High School Faculty, who have always known just abate to do and when to do it, could have planned a better and more fitting way to entertain a body of rollicking High students than by this banquet. They received us in the Board of Education parlors and there we spent one of the liveliest and most pleasing social times in our lives. Our teachers at once threw off their mantles of dignity and authority and entered into our jokes and fun as if they were one of us; or probably it would be more proper to say that we entered into their jokes and fun, for it was they who entertained us so thoroughly that we almost forgot the banquet. We soon remembered it, however, when Mr. Turner silenced us by clapping his hands and asked us if that was a welcome sound. Of course we were all too well mannered and modest to say yes, and still we hated to say no, so we politely said nothing. Mr. Haight came to the rescue, however, and said that it wasn't a welcome

sound when he was a boy, but nevertheless it did prove quite welcome, for it was a hungry crowd that ascended the stairs to the corridor in the second story.

What a sight met our eyes! A table extending the whole length of the corridor. Well, it was not many moments until we fell to eating with such a will that it kept the waiters, who were members of the Senior Class, rather busy waiting on us. They did their part as nobly as we did ours, however, and deserve lots of credit.

After we had eaten as long and as much as we could. Mr. Turner got up and we were all anticipating a speech from him, but he declared that he had spoken to us enough during the school year and refused to speak any more, but remarked though that Mr. Barradell had something to say to us. Mr. Barradell then arose and spoke of the various athletics and of the good prospects for a strong foot ball team the following year, notwithstanding the fact that they would lose some valuable men. He then related some of his funny stories about his old and tried friends. Pat and Mike, who usually help him in entertaining his audiences. The three of them, of course, got us into a responsively jolly mood and we cheered the story teller, lustily gave our yells, and sang our songs so vigorously that we were heard two blocks away. This cheering was continued until every teacher had been included in these expressions of our anoreciation and thankfulness.

After an hour or more of further sociability, the time of home-going came all too soon for most of us. The Seniors especially felt the time of parting more keenly than the rest, for this was the last of a series of final good times for them. A few tears were shed as they at last left the old familiar rooms, and going out into the lovely June night, those of us who were to return another year and those who were to leave it forever vowed our unchanging allegiance to the old High and the dear teachers who had shown us so much kindness and love.

VINOT CARTWRIGHT.

The Alumni Association of the Alton High School.



'RSUANT to a call issued the latter part of May to all graduates of the Alton High School, on June 7, 1905, there gathered a large number in the rooms of the Board of Education in the High School building. It soon became evident that larger quarters would be necessary to accommodate the gathering number and the large assembly room was opened for their use. Here nearly two hundred and fifty enthusiastic graduates sat down to consider the advisability of forming an Alumni Association. The meeting was called to order by Mr. J. E. Turner, who stated the object of the meeting. He was followed by Mr. R. A. Haight, Mr. B. C. Richardson and Miss Bertha Ferguson, all of whom

spoke upon the benefits of an Alumni Association to the school and to the Alumni. A temporary organization was then effected by the election of J. E. Turner, temporary Chairman, and L. J. Hartmann, Secretary pro tem. A committee to nominate the permanent officers was then chosen, consisting of Miss Bertha Ferguson, Wm. J. Boals and R. A. Haight. Levi D. Yager, James Logan, Mrs. H. M. Schweppe, Lucie Smith and George Pfeiffenherger were made a Committee on Constitution and By-Laws. Because of lack of time this latter contiete was unable to present a complete draft of constitution and by-laws, but presented a rough outline, which was accepted and the committee was granted further time to complete the work. The name of the association, the purpose of its organization, and the numbers and names of its officers were given, and one or two by-laws pertaining to the membership and the amount of annual dues were stated. The report of the Nominating Committee was accepted and the following officers duly elected:

 President
 Geo, M. Ryrie

 Vice-President
 Mrs. W. H. Cartwright

 Secretary
 Lucie E. Smith

 Treasurer
 Louis J. Hartmann

 Historian
 Mrs. H. M. Schweppe

Owing to the absence of the Presiden, Mrs. Cartwright took the chair, and a copy of the Consolution was circulated, to which 117 signatures were affixed; the hour was growing late and many were compelled to leave in order to take the car, or many other signatures would have been secured.

The enthusiasm and interest manifested not only by the large attendance, but by the free and hearty participation in matters of debate, augured well for the success of the association. The reunion of classmates and school-mates after years of separation made the social part very delightful. During the winter a course of lectures has been given under the auspices of the Alumni Association, which in point of attendance equalled any ever given in the city. Several executive sessions have been held and plans completed for securing, if possible, points of interest and distinction in the lives of all the graduates, to be used in writing a history of the Alumni. The hearty co-operation of all is asked in this effort of the historian to find the necessary material. Plans are also under way for the Alumni Banquet, which will be given on the evening of June 8th. Mr. E. A. Haight will be the guest of honor. The success and permanence of the Alumni Association depend not on the officers, but upon the loyalty and active interest of each graduate to his Alma Mater, and these must be given in generous measure to realize the objects stated in the Preamble of the Constitution; namely, "to conserve the best interests of our Alma Mater, and to arouse and maintain greater interest in making our High School the center of educational influence in the community and the pride of the city."

LICIE SMITH

"Looking Backward."



O adequate history of Alton has yet been published; few documents are accessible; and when an unfortunate scribe is dependent upon the memory of even the most reliable informants, he is always in danger of being accused of inaccuracy by "oldest inhabitants," who have better or at least different memories. The writer of this compilation does not expect every statement made to pass unchallenged; but has, nevertheless, faithfully endeavored to obtain trustworthy information and to reconcile conflicting statements. Father Knickerbocker begins his fathous history of New York with the creation and the flood; we shall not attempt to relate any events back of the arrival of the first

settler upon the site of Alton. Uncle Thomas Hawley, who was at Milton as early as 1812, was the first settler at Alton and built his log house here in 1815; it still stands and is part of the Kirsch & Schiess market on Second street. Altone in his doorway in the summer of '17, he hailed Wm. G. Pinckard, who was coming up the Mississippi in a skiff with four kegs of powder, bound from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to the government fort on Apple Creek, Green County. Mr. Pinckard spent a few days with Mr. Hawley, returned here in the Fall, and remained until his death. He had a vivid imagination and regaled the youth with stories of his coming to Alton, the legend of the Piasa Bird, its life and death, and the dread of the Indians for the bird.

Elijah Yoakum, one of the early policemen of Alton, had much to do with the training of youths, not so much intellectually as morally. He delighted to tell of the great snow of '33, which covered the housetops, of the massacre of the Moore family near Wood River, the slaying of two men by Indians at the corner of Spring and Second streets, or of the high water of '44, when steamboats (2) went through Second street from State to Piaza.

Several private schools were conducted in Alton during these early days. Utten Smith, an Englishman, who came to Alton at an early date and became the first Recorder of Deeds, holding this office for twenty-five years, had a school in the basement of the old Episcopal Church in 1850; Miss Teasy taught the girls. Many young ideas

started under his teaching, and when they didn't sprout promptly, or showed decline, his rawhide renewed circulation or boomed application; but he died more revered than any other man of his day. There was a log schoolhouse on Third street hill, back of where Hotel Madison now stands. A holy terror, by name O. Ryley, taught there. He whipped all down the line, because if they did not need it to-day they might to-morrow. The Misses Foote opened a school in the basement of the Baptist Church, corner Easton and Second; there were sweet memories held by the old scholars of these fair women; one of them married Mr. Holden and moved to New York; the other became the wife of Professor Marsh, of Shurtleff.

Dr. Marsh used to set the Baptist clock always by the sundial—the clock of the old Baptist church at Easton and Second and of the "new" church on Market street. The religious denominations, seem in these early days to have dwelt in amity with each other. It was no unusual occurrence for the Episcopal Bishop, Whitehouse, the Catholic Bishop, Junker, the Rev. C. H. Taylor, Presbyterian, and the Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. Barrett, "who married everybody," to dien together in peace and harmony.

The first city school building was on the site of No. 2. The old brick was built in '45, and would hold seventy-five or eighty pupils; the frame annex was added in '50, taught by Miss Webb. The territory about was a dense woods, from which the big timber had been cut. The first Principal was Loring S. Williams, assisted by Miss Caroline Baker. Mr. Williams was eccentric in his methods. He had been a missionary among the Choctaw Indians and accustomed to outdoor life. In the warm months he would adjourn from the school building to the shade of the trees, the boys arranging rustic benches about, where Mr. Mathews' house now stands. Mr. Williams was succeeded by his brother-in-law. Mr. Baker: latter by James Newman, the first man to govern without a switch, who was followed in 1847 by Mr. W. F. Guernsey, with his daughter, Fannie, as assistant. In '51 and '52 his assistants were Rachel Corbett and Caroline Baker, the latter of whom married James Newman. Mr. Guernsey had some peculiar methods of teaching—for instance, his demonstration of the solar system: the school was the central point. 'the sun,' boys of various sizes represented the planets, and their orbits were laid out and time for making the circuit given; but some in the outer circles didn't get back that day and were punished accordingly. Some of the minutes of the Board of Education for the year 1889 have been preserved; from them we learn that there were then five public

school bulldings in the city and for each two teachers—a grammar grade teacher and a primary teachers—were engaged: at No. 1, N. M. Mann and Miss Hall; at No. 2, J. C. Pettingill and Miss Robinson; at No. 3, Bert. Newman and Mrs. Newman; at No. 4, Miss Lucy Foote and Miss Ellen Pierce; at No. 5, Mrs. Martin and Miss Mary Ellis. Other early teachers were Mr, and Mrs. M. I. Lee, Miss Kate Lee, J. A. Bruner, Miss Mary Hazard, Mrs. Lockwood, Miss Mattie McNeal, Miss Jean Lauder.

The first High School was in the basement of the Unitarian Church in 1856. Out of a large class examined to enter this school only one boy could tell how many letters are in the alphabet or spell "beautiful." Bert. Newman was Principal; Misses Melinda and Helen Richmond, assistants. Later the Misses Willard aught there. When once Miss Willard put some boys in a closet under the stairs, they fixed a crowbar against the door, so that when she opened it the bar fell on her nose and broke it. Mr. Crowell and Mrs. Martin taught the High School in '58. Geo. Kellenberger was the first Superintendent of Schools; he was provided with an immense record book and from the few entries therein we learn that Miss Kate Foote was Assistant in the High School in 1859.

Professor Raymond was Principal of the High School in '66 and '67; to him belongs the credit of grading the schools so that it was possible to end with a blare of trumpets and a parchment. In '68 and '70 H. L. Smith was Superintendent and Principal, with Misses Frwin and Hurwood as assistants. Under this regime was graduated the first class in 1870—Edward Sargent and five girls. 'Ed.' lacked courage to appear with so many of the fairer sex, and didn't take his diploma. In '71 and '72 Miss Sarah Allen taught botany and geometry in the High School, other work in the grammar grade. Professor Floss taught German for two years. From '70 to '73 E. A. Haight was head of the High School; his assistant was Miss Barker, who married Isaac Scaritt, Secretary of the School Board. In the Fall of '70 the curriculum was extended to three years' course, so that there was no graduating class in '71, but seven graduated in the class of '72, and fourteen in '73. This brings the record down to the time of Frank H. Ferguson as Secretary of the Board of Education in '74, since which time the school annals are complete.

It would seem that for a practical common school education, ignoring the later accomplishments of base ball, foot ball, basket ball, etc., the boys and girls of the early days were as fully equipped mentally and physically for the

battle of life, as those of tos-day. Alton has the reputation of producing many men who by their brains and energy upbuilded this part of the West and, in truth, some have held important positions from ocean to ocean. Of the boys of about '58, Geo. T. Brown became editor of the Alton Courier, and Sergeant-at-arms of the U. S. Senate during Lincoln's first administration. Joseph Brown built the finest steamboat ever on the Mississippi, was President of the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain Railway Co., and Mayor of St. Louis. Thomas Brown another brother, was the village blacksmith, commonly known as "Turkey" Brown. Lyman Trumbull, "Billie" Morrison, Senators; Levi Davis, Attorney General of Illinois; John Fitch, William Mitchell, of Chicago, are other well known Altonians. A long list of prominent St. Louisians hail from Alton: E. O. Stanard, Governor of Missouri; Joe Boyce, W. E. Schweppe, James T. Drummond, John Drummond, G. E. Meyers; John Hogan, Mayor of St. Louis; J. J. Mitchell, Thomas Dimmock, Gay Paddock, Geo. E. Hawley, Geo. A. Bayle, Chas. S. Warner, are men of whom Alton may be proud.

Space does not permit mention here of the many citizens of Alton who did valuable service as members of the Board of Education during the early years. Most of them have long since left us; but two—Mr. Geo. H. Weigler and Mr. John L. Blair—who served faithfully for many years, are still living, honored and respected by all who know them.

ANGLE RAND SCHWEPPE.

Rah! Song.

Come, let us join together.
Let us give a cheer
For the Alton High School
That we love so dear.
Come, let us join together,
Wave our banners high.
Cheer for the Alton High School,
Her pame shall never die.

Preliminary Intellectual Contest.

April 25, 1906.

Declamation. The Old Minstrel _____ Mae McDonald The Swan Song ____ Joyce Dixon A Scene at the Destruction of Pompeii - Blanche Cartwright Elder Lander's Cider Press____ Hazel Patterson Music, High School Orchestra. Oration. The Master Vinot Cartwright The Philippines—Is American Occupation Justifiable? ____ Lee Hull The Apostle to the Florentines ____ Lucille Ewers The American of the South_____lohn Keene The Oueen of Tongues _____Lucia Bowman Music, High School Orchestra. Contestants Chosen to Represent the Alton High School at Upper Alton. Essay _ _ _ Alida Bowler Declamation Blanche Cartwright Oration Lucille Ewers

A Tiny Philosopher.



S THE pupils were pouring out of the Central High School on Grand avenue one afternoon, Barbara Fielding, one of the Junior class, hurriedly crossed the street, and, turning about, looked with tender longing in her earnest young eyes at the beautiful school over the way. "Good-bye, dear old school," she murnured, unconsciously uttering the words half aloud, while two great tears glistened in her eyes, till dear old "High" seemed enveloped in a mist. Blinking the tears out of her long dark lashes, she walked rapidly homeward, thinking of the many pleasant times she had enjoyed at school. On

the same corner of the street, two gentlemen were waiting for a car and both had noticed the troubled look on the girl's face. "Father," said the younger one, "did you see that child?"

"Of course, I noticed her," said the older man; "what a sad, wistful face for one so young."

"Not only that, father, I feel as though I had seen it before; as though it had some claim on me, or—oh, hang it—I don't know what it means; but I feel as though I ought to follow that child and protect her."

"Well, well, Richard, you can't take up the trouble of every sad face you see. However, being a physician, you will have plenty of opportunities to gratify that hobby of yours; but here comes our car."

Though it was the spring of the year, Barbara, whose soul lived close to nature, neither heard or noticed the birds or flowers. There was rebellion in her heart as she thought of her lot. She had worked hard and deprived herself of everything that girls like, in order to make it possible for her to graduate, and now, although it was only one year more, yet she must give up her hope. Oh, it was cruel, when she was so willing to study! While thus thinking as she walked along, her pencil slipped out of her book and bounced off the pavement close to the fence of a beautiful garden, surrounding one of the many attractive residences on Grand avenue. The gardener had been weeding a few days previously and had thrown the weeds over the fence into an adjoining vacant lot. In so doing, he had

pulled up and thrown out a choice pansy plant. Barbara's pencil fell close to the little plant, so that in picking up the pencil she noticed how the little flower had taken root amongst the rubbish and was blooming as prettily as its fellow plants in the garden.

At once she saw and felt the beautiful lesson of the mute little teacher. How like her own condition! "I will take you home with me, my little friend," she said softly. "We'll be chums, you and I." Carefully loosening the roots she took up the little plant, and as she carried it home the bright pansy face, in its pretty way, told her many things. When she entered the house a neighbor who had been sitting with the invalid mother, held up a warning finger. "Your mother sleeps. She has had a very bad day, dear."

"Barbara!" came a faint call from the adjoining room.

"Yes, mother," and the next moment she stood by the invalid's couch. As she stooped to kiss the thin, colorless lips and noticed the tired look on the pain-worn face, her heart smooth her as she remembered with what bitter resentment she had given up her school, in order to watch over this precious life.

"Daughter," said Mrs. Fielding, in a trembling voice, "I must tell you something of importance before my strength leaves me entirely. So far, I cared not to burden your young heart with sadness, but the time has come when you must know, for I will be too weak to talk much, later on. Draw close that low chair and listen attentively to my words."

Whatever the story was, it seemed to agitate her so that Barbara said gently, as she held the thin, white hands firmly in hers: "To-morrow, dear mother, after you have had a night's rest; you will be stronger, and then you can tell me all about it."

"I am stronger in the morning, but you will be in school then."

"No, mother; hereafter I will be with you. When you get well I can go back to school. Not a word, my precious mother," said the girl, as she saw remonstrance in the invalid's face. "Don't send me away. I cannot work. My thoughts are with you all day. Please I tem stay,"

The look of love and gratitude on the mother's face amply made up to the girl for her sacrifice, and she lowered her head as if receiving a benediction.

"And now I must introduce the friend I brought home with me," and she left the sick room to get the little plant; then told her mother the story of the pansy.

"Yes," said Mrs. Fielding, "pansies are for thoughts, and in that respect you certainly resemble your little teacher."

"Thank you, mother, that is a pretty compliment, and now I will plant this tiny philosopher in my window garden that I may go for advice every day."

After the tea table was cleared that evening Barbara seated herself by her mother's side for a little chat before reading to her from the Bible, as she did every night.

"Did Dr. Blake call to-day, mother?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Fielding, "he is to be out of the city for two or three weeks, and will send Dr. Lurton to see me now and then. He is a young doctor who will look after Dr. Blake's practice during his absence."

"Well, I hope he is a good physician, and as you have a new nurse at the same time, there ought to be a rapid cure, mother dear."

So saying, she reached for the Bible, read her chapter, tucked her charge up for the night, and pulled her cot close to the side of the bed, that she might be at hand if anything was wanted.

The next day Mrs. Fielding received a letter written in a clumsy, uneducated hand, and Barbara watched as her mother opened it and began to read. After a few minutes the mother's face became deadly pale, as the letter fell from her hand. Poor Barbara thought her mother was dying, and ran to call a neighbor, who often came in to look after the invalid. While they were busy restoring the fainting woman, there was a ring at the door. The caller proved to be the new doctor, who gave a sudden start when he saw Barbara. "So soon," he muttered. But seeing the anxiety on the girl's face, he exclaimed: "I hope the patient is not worse?"

Without speaking Barbara took him by the hand and hurried him into her mother's room. After some time consciousness returned, and at once the poor woman asked for the letter.

"I have it, mother," said Barbara.

"Read it," Mrs. Fielding exclaimed, "and tell me if my boy lives."

Barbara could not see through her tears, and silently handed the letter to the doctor.

"Would you like me to read it to you, Mrs. Fielding?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she whispered, "make haste;" and with difficulty, on account of the poor penmanship, the doctor read:

Deep Lader: 22 yeres ago you lost youre little boy. he come to my schanty down by et he river, the navel and 1 heard woose boy it was and tuk him down the river on my flat bote to Tennessee. I dun it out of revenge, cause Jedge Fielding sent me to the work hous for 3 monthe. I tuk the boy to the mountings for 2 years when I give him to a rich farmer whose name wus John Lurton. I know the Jedge is ded and w'en yu git this letter I will be dead to and beyond punishment. I hopey on will find your boy. Faxxx Doxovaxb.

There was a queer light in the doctor's eyes and a tenderness in his touch as he adjusted the pillows; and it was in a very low and unsteady voice he said to Mrs. Fielding: "I will do my best to find your son, madame, but you must help me by obeying orders."

The poor woman could only look at him, and though she tried to thank him, her tongue refused to frame the words. The doctor left a prescription, and was attended to the door by Barbara. In the hall he asked her what she knew of her brother.

"Nothing," she said, "I knew I had one, but always thought that he had died before I was born. I am sure that is what mother wanted to tell me last night, but I persuaded her to wait until to-day. Doctor," she exclaimed, "I think it would save her life if he could be found,"

"He will turn up some day," said the young man, and then, "Do you know, Miss Fielding, I saw you yesterday afternoon on Grand avenue, opposite the High School, and your face has not left me a minute since. I left I had a claim of some kind on you. Look at me and tell me if you think your brother might look like me?"

She looked at him long and searchingly. "Well, if you were my brother, I would say that you look like father, but you know people often favor entire strangers."

"Little skeptic! I am your brother; I knew it the moment I read the name of the Tennessee farmer; and when your mother is more quiet, I will send my foster-father to her and he will explain. He has been as a real father to me, and loves me as if I were his son!"

"Oh, doctor, do tell mother soon," said Barbara, "she has grieved so many years, surely joy like that cannot harm her."

"Dear little sister," replied the young man, "you must call me Richard now." He took hold of her hands and was about to draw her to him, when they heard a slight noise near them, and looking up they saw Mrs. Fielding. In their joy and excitement they had spoken louder than they thought, and the door that led into the hall from Mrs. Fielding's room having been left ajar, she had overheard all. In spite of her weakness and the protestations of the neighbor, she arose and came into the hall. She held out her arms, saying: "Dick! my boy!" Richard caught her up as though she were a child, and carried her back to her sofa, and kneeling by her side told her the story of his life as dear old Mr. Lurton had told him time and again.

A few days later Mr. Lurton told the happy mother and sister all about Richard, from his fifth year to their reunion. And Barbara? What a change for her! Now her mother could have someone to do the work, for poverty would have to yield when attacked by such determined industry as Richard's. She told "Professor Pansy" a dozen times a day that she, too, had been transplanted into garden soil.

Edith M. Volz.





The Senior Cirl

Lo, the Great Senior!

The Seniors are coming, heigh ho, heigh ho, The Seniors are coming, heigh ho, heigh ho, The Seniors are coming, heigh ho, heigh ho, The Seniors are coming, heigh ho, heigh ho.

Irene is the fiddler, who loudly plays
To encourage the army to enter frays:
And Mamie the bugler who blows and blows
And scatters in panic the fiercest foes.

A Truman, a Freeman come next and hold Aloft their great banner of blue and gold; A Bowler, a Bowman, stand ever nigh— They're ready in guarding the flag to die. Next Hattie and Vida and Ethel Beall, Who know of the science of war a deal: Though Francis and Emily do weigh two tons, It does not prevent them from carrying guns.

Lucille walks sedately, with downcast eye, She looks not behind her, while passing by; But John, and assuredly Lea also Are following close where the maid does so.

Next Frieda, Marie and Eusebia too, Come marching with Edna into our view; The ball they hold proudly, that all may see They're hurrying onward to victory.



McPike follows after and then O'Neill. They're foreigners,—probably Scotch, we feel: DeMonbreun walks near them; we plainly see She's lately come over from gay Paree.

A trio of hearties come next in sight,— The jolly young tars have a look so bright, For Carhart and Hartmann and Burkhart too, Have hearts of a perfectly roseate hue.

Next Vinot comes striding, and by the hand She leads timid Dorothy through the land. Brave Beulah walks calmly, in dress of brown, But Jennie and Theo do wear a fierce frown. That Percy and Robert, and Robert G. Are knights brave and bold, any man can see; And with them comes marching Sir William K., Who's able to drive any foe away.

But still the long roll is not finished quite, For Carrie and Pearl are now full in sight, With Olga and Helen and Helen Clare, Who proudly the banner, named Senior, bear,

And now see the rear guard come marching along. To close up the line that is forty strong; Tis Harris, who's trying his best to walk fast, And Enos, who ends the procession at last.







SENIOR CLASS.

Colors-Blue and Gold.

MOTTO-TRUTH CONOUERS ALL THINGS.

Officers.

PRESIDENT, EDWARD ENOS
VICE-PRESIDENT, WILLIAM KOEHNE
SECRETARY, VINOT CARTWRIGHT
TREASURER, ROBERT HUBNER
VALEDICTORIAN, ALIDA BOWLE
SALUTATORIAN, EUSEBIA MARTIN
HISTORIAN, JOSEPHINE MCPIKE
PROPHET, LUCILLE EWERS
POET, EMMA HARTMANN

Quartette.

FRIEDA GOSSRAU, CARRIE SHELTON, MAMIE MCHENRY. EMMA HARTMANN.

The class of 1906 have reason to be proud of their honor graduates. Alida Bowler, the valedictorian, made an average of 97.75 per cent during the four years of the High School course, and had no grade less than "excellent" during that time. Eusebia Martin, the salutatorian, made an average of 96,603 per cent, and carried an extra study during each of three years; 32 credits are required for graduation; Miss Martin has 35.

Roll.

JENNIE BAUMAN, I. B. (John: Meantenne) ALIDA BOWLER, A. B. (Accurate, Brilliant,) BEULAH BROWN, B. B. (Blameless, Busy.) CLARENCE BURKHART, C. B. (Careful, Bashiuli) VINOT CARTWRIGHT, V. C. (Vivacious, Composedal, IRENE DEGENHARDT, I. D. (Indefatigable, Deliberate) CHARLES FREEMAN, C. F. (Conscientious, Frank,) ROBERT GOFF, R. G. (Roguish, Genial.)

EMILY HAZELTON, E. H. (Founder, Happy, I. FRANCIS HAZILITON, F. H. (Friendly: Harmless) ROBERT HUBNER, R. H. Reliable, Heodful.) WILLIAM KOEHNE, W. K. (Warm-hearted, Knowing,) THEO, LAMPERT, T. L. (Trusty, Laconic.) MAMIE McHENRY, M. M. Meditative, Maidenly,) PEARL ROBERTSON, P. R. (Painstaking, Resolute, HELEN CLARE RYRIE. H. C. R. TRUMAN STELLE, T. S. (Tactful, Sociable.)

HARRIS WELD, H. W. (Huge, Weighty.)



IN MEMORIAM

JAMES SQUIRE BORN, JULY 8, 1887. DIED, NOV. 6, 1905.

The Ups and Downs of a Senior.



The Seniors have many Ups and Downs.

oW long we have waited for this year, to be Seniors! The last year in High School! The time when we would be able to impress one superiority on all the other classes—especially the freshmen. Then the teachers would treat us with special kindness, and look at us sadly, as this would be our last year with them. Then we could answer some kind old gentleman, asking, "Are you in High School?" "Yes indeed! We are seniors!"

But alas! have all these longed for things come to pass? Do the addomire us above all other beings? No! They pity—actually pity us, because we must study so hard. Our dignity is there, but somehow, in their own elation at being in High School, they fail to realize it. What is the world coming to, when children will not respect their elders?

Do the teachers treat us as if we were favored above common mortals? Oh! how different it is from what we had expected! Instead of treating us as blessings to be enjoyed for only a short while, and treated with the utmost care, they hold us up as models to the beloved little freshmen! I am sure the freshman feel as if they were "hitching their wagons to stars" when they take us as models.

And when old gentlemen take the trouble to question us at all, it is to show surprise that we are still in High School, instead of being amazed that we are so far advanced as the Senior year. And how we must study! Just imagine how pleasant it is, when you are deep in physic problems, with twenty-five lines of Latin, two pages of German and a nice little outline waiting to be prepared, to have some well meaning optimistic old lady look mournfully at you and say, "Make the most of your time, my child, these are the brightest days of your life." Doesn't it make you dread to have the rest of your life come?

But let us discuss our lessons, one at a time. First let us take up our English. No one can deny the benefits derived from literature. But alas! I fear it is too exciting. At the end of our lesson our nerves are strung up to such a pitch, that we tremble with excitement for the rest of the morning, and then it makes us long for things we can never enjoy; among these, the happiness of listening to one of the awe-inspiring fearful sermons of Jonathan Edwards. But, so long as that is denied us, at least we have enjoyed the heaven-sent opportunity of listening to Edmund Burke's speech on conciliation. Every American should love and revere Burke and our class is especially loyal. the beloved little books. And the outlines, how we love them! They are the very spice of our lives, but oh! how spicy our lives are! Now let us turn to our German, the study, which abounding in sweet liquid melody is, and on account of its enormous words and natural constructions, a place very near to our hearts has. Here is a continual game of hide and seek. We are always "it" and always on the lookout for verbs. Just think of poor little words like "ist" and "hat" hiding among monsters like Gesundheitswiederherstellungskopfschuettler, or Schicksalsverknuepfungsgeschicksverwicklungen! There is one thing which is perfectly plain in German, and that is spelling. If you are the least bit in doubt how to spell a certain word, begin it with a "sch," add to that, all the letters you care to, throw in a few umlauts, and end it with a "dtz." If it long enough, and written with a certain flourish, any person under the sun will accept it as a pure German word and be perfectly satisfied. If you wish to construct a good German sentence, make it as formal as possible; by this, I mean piling all the verbs you can think of at the end and hiding the subject among them as securely as you can. Here is another excellent rule; think quickly of about two dozen different things and try to write them all down at the same time. If the writer is a fast thinker, this will be found to be a wonderful help in construction. As to titles, the Germans believe that "to him that hath, should be given, from him that hath not should be taken away, even that which he hath." For if a man has one title, they usually bestow another upon him, as "Mr. Director Professor Doctor Schmidt," and if he has none, they call him merely "Schneider."

In the meantime, what has Virgil to say? Whatever it is, no matter how wise, I am sure he will say it while "drawing a sigh from the depths of his heart." Although we think it unnecessary trouble for Virgil to describe the stormy life of divine. Eneas, nevertheless, we feel extremely sorry for that unfortunate son of Venus. Poor Eneas was always being tossed by the waves or winds of .Eolus, or something dreadful was continually happening to him. The moment the poor man settled down to quietly enjoy life, "omnipotent father" Jupiter always rolled his eyes to the very spot where Eneas was happily resting. As soon as he saw him, he would call his son Mercury, bid him summon the winds, and deliver to the idle son of Venus the command to "move on." Some ignorant people believe that the ancient Trojans were not civilized; they do not know there was ever on watch an august personage to order the Trojan fathers to "move on." Indeed, it was from that divine Mercury himself that our noble race of policemen has descended!

And to think how nervous. Eneas must have always been! No matter where he was, something or somebody was always eager to prophesy some disaster. And then, the Harpies! Isn't it strange, that when Virgil wishes to devise some unusually horrible monster, he always describes it as, "half woman" and half soming else it it doesn't matter what the "something else" is, just so one half of it is "woman." He seems to think that would frighten anybody. I wonder what kind of a wife Virgil had?

We can never pass the most beautiful Dido, for she is entitled to a greater share of sympathy than even Æneas himself. She was forever wandering around crazed or maddened. She fell in love with Æneas—a thing which no other woman in the world would have done, and even more foolishly, she told it. Of course after that poor Dido's downfall was certain. Then there was Iarbas. The jealous king always spoke most sarcastically of Æneas in his bonnet, tied under his chin, and his purple shawl, crocheted with gold.

The Latin pupils regret more and more each day that they could not study chemistry. For, besides chemistry itself, the lucky ones take domestic science; at least, they learn how to wear aprons—big blue ones, at that—becom-

ingly. The boys look so cute in theirs. But the best thing of all, they learn to wash dishes. Most of them, by this time, have also quite a large bank account, saving up all their pennies to pay for broken dishes.

Last, but by no means least, physics. Perhaps some idea of that can be gotten from a dream I had not very long ago. It was a terrible dream, and I shiver even now to think of it. I dreamed that I died and was spirited away to a great, dark cave. At first it was so dark I could scarcely see, but by degrees I became used to it, and at last distinguished a short and very thin man holding a book which appeared appallingly familiar to me. He looked sternly at me and said in sepulchral tones: "This is the 'Land of Physics!" I shivered, and involuntarily drew back. I had thought that I was going to sleep peacefully, and here I was, not only in the physics schorom, but the very "Land of Physics!" I looked around me, and there on one side of the cave loomed many terrible hydraulic presses, air-pumps and electrical machines even more terrible. I was aroused from my gloomy contemplation of these monsters by voices horrible and shrill. I turned round in fear.

"These," said the thin man, "are problems. Question them; make them talk!" Question them, indeed! I was too frightened to move. I piteously motioned them away, but they stayed and screamed triumphantly: "We are simple—simple. Question us." "Yes," I thought frantically, "you are simple—simple." I shut my eyes in vexation, but soon opened them at a screeching and yelling worse than the other. Thousands of little creatures, frightful to behold, came toward me leering horribly and yelling with mad delight while they danced up and down: "T-H-I-N-K! T -H-I-N-K!" "Woes is me," I thought, "even when I am dead, I must think."

"When," I cried, "will this torment cease?" The thin man smiled maliciously. "This," said he, "is the best thing that could happen to you—this is practical—your parents will approve of this." And I had always thought my parents my best friends!

The little imps were dancing eagerly before my eyes, and to avoid them 1 turned toward the other side of the cave, but the next moment I was sorry for it. Piled on the floor were apples and potatoes, great heaps of them! Each apple seemed to yell out, "\$.999!" and a deep, ghostly voice questioned, "How much a bushel?" Again, I heard the maddening little imps scream: "Simple—T-H-I-N-K!"

In despair I closed my eyes. I wondered wildly if this agony were to go on forever, when suddenly the scene changed. Before me was a long, smooth road, and standing beside me was the same little thin man of the cave. He was saying, "I can walk three blocks in three minutes."

In some strange manner I found a watch thrust in my hand and heard a soft voice whisper, "Prove it." Here at last was a revenge, when, alas! I awoke, relieved, and yet vexed; glad to be rid of the awful imps, and so sorry not to have seen the experiment tried.

JOSEPHINE McPike.

How charming is Cicero

When acted out, you know, The teacher takes Cicero's part.

> And Haight plays the "brother dear," Because he knows when to appear;

"Not at all am I moved!" cries he, With deepest solemnity,

"By the tears of my brother dear,

Who just now presents himself here.

'Tis his prompt entrance that draws From the class the heartiest applause.

Love's Labor Lost.

Affectionately dedicated to Maud Muller.



Some Seniors on a winter's day, Imagined they a joke could play:

For the Junior day was approaching nigh And all was excitement at "Alton High,"

And these Seniors that they had a scheme "So perfectly lovely," to redeem,

Their reputation for being wise, As befitted a Senior's age and size.

Singing they wrought in their merry glee, A glad surprise for the Juniors to see;

Yet inwardly they shook with fright At the thought of the Junior mind so bright.

Through the transom they peeped in vague unrest, For a nameless longing filled their breast,

To find out matters not their own, (Since the Juniors, too, had plans unknown.)

They climbed on a ladder and fell to the floor;
They peaked through the key-hole and under the door;

But still they worked with might and main, Though all their efforts proved in vain.

The great day came; the Junior band Had prepared to honor our native land.

When the Seniors came in, they cried: "Ah, me!" For they did not expect such splendors to see.

But why should their faces look scowling and sad? "My country—of thee" need not make them mad,

And "Liberty" printed in letters of red Should rouse glad thoughts in a patriot's head.

When over the platform they read '07— The cheerful sight seemed their spirits to leaven :

And then they looked as happy and gay As they had looked the preceding day.

Each started up with visage most sweet, And hastened forward on flying feet;

Then over the heads of the Juniors fell showers Of bouquets, alas, not made of flowers,

But of ink, as much as a sheet could hold Tied with stingy bows of blue and gold.

Such tributes as these, however well meant "With heartiest love and best wishes sent,"

Are likely to make, as we all must confess, In a school-room, a most unpleasant mess. (An ignorant Freshman would better know Than in playing a joke to blunder so.)

Besides, you see, 'twas against the rule,— 'Applause must be kept till the close of school.'

Alas for maiden, alas for boy, For innocent Senior pride and joy.



Their faces had been all one bright glow, But soon that happiness was to go,

For a startled look came into their eyes, As they looked up in meek surprise And realized to their dismay

That something unusual had occurred that day.

Each sparkling face grew dark with pain; The Juniors jested and sang in vain.



To cheer them up; they continued to pout— The Senior chorus had to be left out.

When later we met them still pale with fear, We sympathized with each small dear,

And said, not meaning fun to poke, "In time you'll learn now to play a joke."

But with Titus of old each did sadly say "Alas! for I have lost a day."

Fresh Air Excursions.

The undersigned is prepared personally to conduct small select excursion parties. Wheelbarrows of the latest style and most comfortable pattern; wheelers of the greatest skill, strength and endurance. For quality of service rendered we refer (by permission) to L. I. and J. B. of the Alton High School.

Apply to W. W.,

McKinley High School.







JUNIOR CLASS.

Colors-Brown and Gold.

Officers.

President, Clyde Portle Vice-President, Bernice Gilliam Secretary, Alonzo Neininger

ROLL.

CARL BASSETT -

Quiet, exact and awfully straight, He will make a professor as fine as Haight.

EDWARD BASSETT-

A jolly joker, and fond is he Of speaking in a falsetto key.

CARL BEALL-

This grave young lad is very wise, For he knows that Green is good for the eyes.

EDWARD BELL-

Bells ring to draw a crowd together;

This Bell draws in any weather.

LARETTA BIERBAUM-

Not very fat, not very thin, She makes no noise when she comes in. Vergencia Bowalan-

A merry soul like old King Cole, She knows full well to guard her goal,

ecy Briggs-

Wal! would yez jist look to that now?
Why, these two gals come straight from Dow.

Why, these two

This maiden has now quite made up her mind That a tiresome, troublesome set is mankind.

She's sure that the Juniors are capable quite

Of surpassing the Seniors in everything bright.

DRED DIXON—

The "Junior Patti" we call this maid; Her claim to the title cannot be gainsaid.

Edna Dooling

This little girl is so very smart That she knows all Cicero off by heart.

GERTRUDE GALLAGUER-

You may think from her name that she is fierce, But she's far too meek e'en a foe to pierce.

GRACE GAUKRODGER-

The rose upon her cheek doth bloom, Reminding us of blushing June.

Bernice Gillham-

Of an editor's trials she's learned so much, That she's sure they're harder than studying Dutch.

Gershom Gilliam-

Young and dashing, yet debonair, This youth believes in getting there.

JULIA GREEN-

What's in a name? No Freshman she, And therefore "green" she cannot be.

SADIE HEYICK-

Why she speaks so low you can never guess: She was told to do so by William S.

MINNIE HORN-

She never blows her own horn, 'tis true; But the class all know what she can do.

HARRISON LYCORI-

A druggist he intends to be, And by dosing us to earn his fee,

Emma loesting-

She meets the world without a frown:
Her motto is, "Look up, not down."

LESSIE LOUVEON-

A tiny little lisp has she, But she's a tiny miss, you see.

Agnes Kelly-

Seen, but not heard, should children be.

Money ven McDure

She minded the advice often given small girls, And ate all her crusts; now she has curls.

Maggie Mitchell.-

If you ask a Junior about this girl, He's ready to tell you that she's a pearl.

GERALDINE MORRIS-

She laughs, and the world laughs with her, too: She never was known to cry, "Boo, hoo!"

Alonzo Neininger-

He's more than common tall, you know, And yet a small Coyle holds him so, EUNICE NOLAN-

"A Wolf! a Wolf!" they anxiously cried,
"I fear him not," this maid replied.

LILLIE OBEN-

Riding on a charger gray,
"A pretty picture," people say,

CHESTER PIERCE-

A novelist he of the highest grade, A member, too, of the Board of Trade.

CLYDE PORTER-

True, he must work with heart and hand, If he expects to win More-land.

Margaret Radcliff-

Her home is in the North, and so She's calm and cool, but she's not slow.

Theresa Recher—

Her talents are such as the class to adorn; Her favorite pastime, of course, popping corn.

ETHEL RICHARDS-

This maid knows words big as her fist; Oh! what a monstrous size is this!

Bertha Roenicke-

"Bright and beautiful" her name; And the girl herself is just the same.

Laura Smith-

How she won the laurels she wears, you ask? Why, by guarding foes; what a generous task! EDWIN SPARKS-

Over the ocean he wished to go, And become a "cholly boy, don't cha know."

ASHLEY TAYLOR-

This lad's a very little tad And so he's sometimes very bad.

AUGUSTA TRUBE-

Now, so august-a girl as this Will ever true-be in pain or bliss.

SADIE TRUBE-

Her Junior banner she never furls; She spends her leisure in drawing girls.

MMA UNTERBRINK-

Some Juniors talk overmuch, and so She tries to keep the average low.

MAREL UZZELL-

What is it we wait for with bated breath? Why, to hear what this little maid's nimble tongue

Se V'.....

She's willing to labor with brain and pen,
And do for the class the work of ten.

ALICE WHITE-

Last, but not least, she stands on our list;
If she should forsake us, she'd be sadly missed.

Class History.



HE present Junior Class entered the High School to begin work as Freshmen, in the fall of the year nineteen hundred three. There were one hundred seven in the class at first, and as is the custom in most schools, they divided into two general classes, forty-three taking Latin and the remaining sixty-four taking drawing. We were young then, and did not understand the many benefits and delights derived from studying Latin, or probably more would have taken it, instead of trying to make artists of themselves, when it was impossible. It will doubtless be difficult for any intelligent reader, who is acquainted with the present brilliant Junior Class, to realize that we were once Freshmen! Were we

actually such babies once, staring about with scarcely any expression on our faces, tittering, giggling, jabbering and lounging about in our seats? Surprised and aggrieved at receiving demerits? To think sitting a whole study period, not doing a thing except whispering, and then to be given a demerit, without any regard to your feelings!

But letting by-gones be by-gones, seventy of us became Sophomores. O! what times we had! Our studies were all easy and all delightful: but botany was grand,—the teacher was so easy. Our minds were so taken up with herbs and trees that we gave an Arbor Day program just to get to tell the class a few of the things we had learned in botany. This study of the beauties of nature naturally inspired us to write poetry. Judge of the quality of these productions by the following specimen, picked up from the floor of the recitation room and published here precisely as it flowed from the pencil of the poet—positively without correction or alteration of any kind:

"Our Botany teacher is a pearl Of others I have heard, For with beauty and with grace, He will always take first place, Positively he—is a Bird." Surely the world is growing worse every year! The present Sophomores, instead of being studious, enterprising and poetical as we were, are egotistic, conceited, and prosaic, perfectly satisfied to remain Sophomores. They do
not know what a splendid thing it is to be a Junior. We were once one hundred seven; now we number but fortyfour, for the Junior Class is composed only of those fittest to survive, and everyone knows that one hundred Freshmen
could not make one hundred Juniors. What a grand thing it is to be a Junior! Juniors have no troubles; they are
annused, not annoyed, by geometry, the science which teaches boys to be engineers and girls to cut out dress patterns,
they are able even to master physics, a study which some of the seniors, with all their superiority in years, find very
difficult. Of course, the only thing you have to do in physics is to "think," and deep thinking is second nature to
us. Some short-sighted and jealous persons accuse the Juniors of being too ready to see the funny side of things, but
this is a shallow view to take of so deep a subject. A sense of hunor is a necessary adjunct of great mind; it acts
as an escape-pipe when a mighty brain heats itself by over-exertion and the pressure of the steam generated is too
great for safety. This will explain why the naturally thoughfulful and serious Juniors sometimes surprise and disconcert other people by laughing at apparently the wrong time and place.

Alas! it will be but a few short months till we shall have to give up the exalted title of "Junior" and to take that of Senior. We can't bear to think of it; but in this world nothing is permanent, not even the Junior Class. MARGABET RADGLIFF.

Marching Song.

See where the Alton banners fly, hark to the sound of tramping feet. There is a host approaching nigh, Alton is marching up the street. One was to victory again, marching with drum beat and with song. Hear the refrain as it thunders along, as it thunders along.

Chorus—Behold, we come to view.

And wave our colors true,
Whose arms are strong,
Whose hearts are true
Ever to Alton, ever to Alto

The Dream of a Junior.

A Junior dreamed a dream one night, Dreamed he saw a dreadful sight. Saw the Juniors on the stage.



Saying pieces page by page; Saw the Seniors marching in; Every face just one broad grin.











Saw each one for quite a while Simply sit and smile and smile; Then with one accord they each Tossed on high far out of reach Balls that, taking their wild flight, Disclosed a most distressing sight, Senior colors, blue and gold, Juniors looked completely sold. Balloons! and how they bobbed around,



Merely sat and gazed and gazed; Stupified, bewildered, dazed.

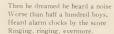














Dreamed a hundred cats joined in, Adding cat-calls to the din.



Dreamed the Seniors laughing, sneering, Mocking, taunting them, and jeering:—Then the Junior, trembling, woke; That the dream had been no joke;



That the fates had warned him so. Of these things he ought to know. So he told them far and wide: Told them for the *truth* beside.

MORAL.

Put not your faith in idle dreams, For this were better, so it seems, Find out what's doing in the day, And then—be careful what you say.

Junior Class Program.

February 23, 1906,

Cornet Solo
The Revolutionary UprisingEdith Volz
Washington's Inauguration Ethel Richards
Violin Solo Carl Bassett
A RetrospectJoyce Dixon
The Perils of the Republic Edward Bassett
Vocal Duet "The Battle Eve"
Messrs. Barradell and Richardson.
The Men to Make a State Clyde Porter
Piano Solo Lillie Oben
The American Flag Carl Beall
Quartette "Freedom's Flag"
Mr. A. E. Barradell, Edward Bassett, Carlisle Bierman,
Gershom Gillham.
Anecdotes of Lincoln Bernice Gillham
Whitman and Lincoln Margaret Radcliff
Vocal Trio "The Spirit of Poesy"
Mildred Dixon, Lillie Oben, Eunice Nolan.

A Patriotic Program.



AST YEAR each class in turn gave a public program; this year but one such program was arranged—
a patriotic program in honor of Washington and Lincoln; and need I say that it was intrusted to the
Junior Class? There were no recitations on Friday, Feb. 23, and the school session did not begin until
2 o'clock. During the noon recess the Juniors decorated the assembly room in honor of the occasion;
brown and gold Junior flags and patriotic mottoes made in the A.H.S. colors made the assembly room
look very cheerful. Just before the assembly was called to order, some forward children in the rear
of the room jumped boisterously out of their seats and hastily distributed copies of programs they had

written and printed themselves, and had therefore in all innocence and ignorance called. "Children's Day" programs. Now, the fact that Washington was born Feb. 22 is quite generally known—even the freshest of the freshmen have heard of it—while Children's Day is on the first Sunday of June, as all Sunday School pupils know. But this mistake was generously overlooked when we glanced at the programs and noticed the spelling, which had very little relation to the words these tots had meant them to be. A great shout arose. From pity and lotheress people had held back their laughter as long as possible, and now it came, in spite of their efforts to stop it. They could not help laughing; these children and their programs were so absurd. But the audience soon quited down when the properly spelled and printed programs prepared by the Junior class were distributed by the Junior boys.

The program was arranged to honor the memory of the two greatest Americans—Washington and Lincoln; but it incidentally showed the remarkable variety of talent in the Junior class. No two numbers were alike. The bashful Junior boys came forward wonderfully and took very prominent parts; they wished to prove that there is no instrument the Junior boy cannot play, and no part that he cannot sing.

A cornet solo by Clyde Porter, accompanied by Moreland McPike, on the piano, made a pleasing and novel introduction to the program.

The next musical number was a great surprise to everyone, even to the Juniors, who are not easily surprised. It was the violin solo by Carl Bassett. He surprised us first, by consenting to take part on the program, and secondly, by rendering it so skillfully and calmly. Lillie Oben accompanied him upon the piano and later on played a solo.

Messrs. Barradell and Richardson next showed their interest in the occasion and the class by singing a beautiful duet, "The Battle Eve."

The Junior Boys' Quartette, Edwin Sparks, Edward Bassett, Carlisle Bierman, Gershom Gillham, made their first appearance in public upon this program and delighted the audience by rendering "Freedom's Flag." As Ned happened to be traveling in Europe on this day he asked to be excused, declaring that would be somewhat inconvenient for him to be present and take his part. So Mr. Barradell kindly consented to take his place and save him the trouble of making an extra trip over here.

The last musical number was a vocal trio by Mildred Dixon, Lillie Oben, Eunice Nolan, accompanied by Virginia Bowman on the violin and Florence Didlake on the piano. This went famously, even though there were so many different parts to hold their own against the rest.

The literary part of the program was as good and varied as the music. The first two numbers carried us back to the Revolutionary times that we have enjoyed hearing about from our grandfathers. Edith Volz recited Buchanan Read's description of the Revolutionary Uprising and the warrior priest, while Ethel Richargave a very vivid description of Washington's inauguration. At the close of her recitation she told how Washington was overcome with stage-fright while reading his inaugural address. I think no one will say a word if the Juniors sometimes show a little nervousness when speaking in public on the stage, since even the great Washington was frightened by it.

Joyce Dixon gave Grady's famous "Retrospect," after which Edward Bassett gave "The Perils of the Republic." Although these two orations came so close together they were not in the least alike, so they did not become tiresome.

The next literary part was a declamation, "The Men to Make a State," given by Clyde Porter, who will most certainly become a statesman himself if he keeps on practising oratory.

"The American Flag" was presented by Carl Beall; not in form but in words, which answered just as well. Bernice Gillham then amused the audience by reading some very interesting anecdotes about "Old Abe." From what she said we were glad to learn that Mr. Lincoln always demanded perfect order during his public speeches, and would never allow a disturbance, even if he had to stop it himself.

Margaret Radcliff read a paper on "Whitman and Lincoln." The first of it was about the capability of the Juniors, and was intended for the special instruction of the Seniors, who desired information on this subject. It was said to have been a "perfectly beautiful paper," but it rained so hard while Margaret was reading it that it was very difficult to hear it well. The paper closed with the beautiful dirge written by Whitman in honor of Lincoln,

"() Captain, My Captain."

MILDRED DIXON.

The New Junior Club.



division, and the class, with the exception of two young ladies, are members. Aliss R. elected herself president. A committee was selected to draw up a constitution and by-laws. In order to become a full-fledged member of this select club, the applicants must pass a rigid examination. A topic is given for discussion, and ability not to talk about it is the test for membership. When the name of Mabel Uzzell was called, the young lady stepped forward, and was requested to speak on the topic, "History of the Drama." She took one deep breath, folded her hands, and started off with the velocity of a forty horse-power motor; but as the object of the club is to get and not give information, she was blackballed. Them Margaret Radeliff, another talkative young lady, was called forward, and from the way she talked the club thought she was inspired. Of course, when she finished, we felt like "The Last Rose of Summer," and she received the same harsh treatment as her predecessor.

During the temporary absence of the president, the club hit upon a novel plan. A reception becoming the dignity of the president of the Junior Literary Society was brought up for discussion. Needless to say this met with hearty approval, and the plan received the unanimous vote of the members. The next thing which came up, and which greatly perplexed the club was, what kind of an affair should be tendered our noble and respected president. Ashley Taylor was chosen master of ceremonies. The gentleman in question proposed that we scatter flowers in the pathway of the president. But alas! there were no flowers in sight, except a few rose-buds on a diminutive calendar. These were not in a state of utility. The proposal was not carried. Then the "little minister," with the aid of Edward Bassett and Ashley Taylor, collected a great pile of books, in fact, revy book except one venerable volume, which answered to the dignified name of Cicero. The owner held it tightly clutched to her breast, dramatically imploring them to let Cicero alone, telling them how much good he had done for his country, and imploring them to have at least some respect for his age. At last they yielded, and Cicero rested peacefully

in her arms. After the books were collected they perfected their scheme. They scattered them before the door, and even put some on the door knob. When the president entered, an avalanche of books greeted her, and as this was a literary club, this was a very appropriate token of respect. Advancing with overwhelming dignity, she glanced at the floor: books of all kinds strewed her path. Overwhelmed by the honor done her, she hesitated,—halted: but the Twentieth Century Walter Raleigh rose to the occasion, removed the impedimenta and gallantly escorted the blushing Queen Elizabeth to her seat of honor. Then the meeting was called to order and the topic was again introduced. First one and then another member got up and talked till he was completely out of breath, and blue in the face. The girls had the chance of their lives—the opportunity to talk to their heart's content. It is needless to say very few let the golden opportunity slip by. During the meeting the members were greatly astonished when the name of our Demosthenes was called and that famous personage declined to express his opinion.

The president asked if any more business was to be transacted. Then the chairman of the by-laws committee made a report. Same was read and approved. The rules of this club are very novel; for instance: the members must wear tall white cone-shaped caps. The effect of these caps is so picturesque and weird that the club is going to change the name from "Talk All You Want Club" to the "Whitecaps."

The meeting was so thrilling that the girls wanted to stay and talk all night, but at the urgent request of the president, who had an invitation out for supper, the organization adjourned at 5 o'clock.

Augusta Trube.

Wyoma.

As I watch our colors floating
In rich waves so brown and gold,
Their soft blending brings to memory
An Indian legend, quaint and old,—

Of the origin of the flower, Which combines the gold and brown, Told by crooning squaws, as slowly Dies the flickering camp-fire down,

'Tis the story of a chieftain
And his fair-haired, pale-face bride,
'Tis the story of a maiden
Who for tribe and kinsmen died,

To this people had been promised, By a prophet old and sage, Strange deliverance from danger By a maid of tender age.

They should recognize the maiden
By her soft brown eyes so rare,
By the strange enchanting beauty
Of the marvelous golden hair,

Which the Manitou would give her As a token from on high, That she was the mystic maiden Destined for the tribe to die.

Merrily rang the forest echoes,
Brightly shone the sun o'er head,
On the day when the young chieftain
And the pale-face maid were wed.

Oh, the happy days that followed,
For this peace-abiding tribe,
Till one glorious Autumn morning
Sorrow came there to abide.

There was wailing in the wigwams,
Down each bronzed cheek coursed a tear,
And within the chieftain's tepee
Stood a flower laden bier.

Upon which the cherished darling
Of the tribe and chieftain lay,
Stricken by the treacherous bullet,
Of a pale-face in a fray,

Torn with grief stood the good chieftain Holding close a tiny maid,

His one child, the sweet Wyoma, Who clung to him, half afraid.

Tenderly they laid their sunbeam

In the valley neath the sod,
But the tribe must travel westward

To escape the white man's rod.

Seldom smiled the sorrowing chieftain,
And his heart grew stern with hate
For the pale-face who had robbed him
Of his home and of his mate.

Years rolled by and young Wyoma
Grew into fair maidenhood,
And was worshipped by her tribesmen,
Loved revered—not understood.

For the maiden's locks so golden,
And her brown eyes soft and bright,
Seemed to mark the mystic maiden
Clearly, to her people's sight.

Not for her the songs and dances,
Not in her the savage heart,
Scenes of blood and torture pained her,
Shuddering she drew apart.

Once fate led the maiden's foot-steps

To a thicket where there lay,

Wounded sore, a pale-face warrior

Whom the foe had failed to slay.

Pityingly she kept the secret
Of the pale-face she had found;
Every day she came and brought him
Food and drink, and dressed his wound.

Ere, restored, from her he parted, Pity into love did grow; Smiling and yet broken-hearted, Fair Wyoma watched him go.

So he left her; she ne'er after Saw him more till one dread day When, hemmed in by grim white warriors, Her tribe in greatest danger lay. Then she recognized the leader:

'Twas the man whose life she'd saved
And she rushed to plead for mercy,
Since for him all risks she'd braved.

E're the chief could stop his soldiers Rang a shot the forest through, And the maiden sank, imploring Mercy—as her mercy's due.

Tenderly the white man raised her,
Swore her death should not be vain,
Swore no kin of brave Wyoma
By a white man should be slain.



Gently in the earth they laid her By the rushing stream she loved, And the waters told her story To the grass and trees above,

After spring there came the summer Which a flower did unfold, Brown of eye like fair Wyoma, Petals, like her hair of gold.

Thus the graceful Black-eyed Susan Nodding brightly in the grass, Represents the Indian princess And the colors of our class.

EDITH M. VOLZ.







Studious Sophomore,



THE TATLER!

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

COLORS-DARK BLUE AND GOLD.

Officers.

PRESIDENT, SECRETARY AND TREASURER DGAR STEVENS LEE HULL

ROLL.

Stanley Allen.
Lorena Bauer.
Vesta Bauer.
Carlisle Bierman.
Margaret Bishop.
Dorothy Blair.
Leola Bowman.
Nellie Bund.
Fulton Calame.
Blanche Cartwright.
Helen Chapman.
Lulu Coyle.
Harold Curdie.
Florence Dawson.
Walter Day.
Albert Degenhardt.
Charles Dixon.

Nettie Elble,
Mary Ellison.
Jolin Ellison.
Louis Enos.
Margaret Gallagher.
Nina Gaskins.
Herbert Gill.
Harry Goudie.
Bessie Green.
Nellie Green.
Mildred Gwinner.
Harry Hanahan.
Kathryn Hanahan.
Dorothy Hanna.
Henry Harmes.
Virginia Harrison.
Lillian Hazelton.

Harry Herb.
Emily Hoppe.
Hattie Hughes.
Lee Hull.
Erwin Koenig.
Harry Kuhn.
Lela Lang.
Flora Leese.
Nellie McCrea.
Mamie Nixon.
Victor Nutter.
Aurelia Obermueller.
Franklin Olin.
Frieda Perrin.
Dugald Porter.
Anna Raith.
Lillian Rice.

Vivian Rice,
Alexander Robertson,
Grace Shelton,
Richard Sparks,
Thomas Stanton,
Edgar Stevens,
Marcus Taylor,
Gertie Temme,
Pauline Tonsor
Minnie Vogel,
Esther Watters,
Celine Webb,
Augusta Wiese,
Leila Witt,
William Wolf,
Mabel Yaeger,
Chester Yenny,

The Unselfish Sophomore.



FTER our Freshman year what a relief is our present position! We are no longer scoffed at, no longer the merry jest of the whole school, no longer the mere infants who are to be amusing—not amused. Now, when we, the Sophomores, members of the illustrious class of nineteen hundred and eight, walk sedately up the stairs, the timid Freshmen look after us with awe-struck gaze, and are most emphatically impressed with a sense of our superiority. We laugh at all the jokes about them and are really beginning to enjoy rhetorical days. Our dear, timid Freshmen hate rhetoricals, as it is very hard for children to say anything sensible, especially before an audience. They grin and giggle at everything

that happens, and at some things which do not happen. Every time a Sophomore leaves his seat all eyes are upon him. But what wonder that the Freshmen are constantly gazing around the room! Their studies are so easy that they ought to be able to relate everything that occurs in the study room. But what would we do without the children? It would be very dull without them, for whom could we laugh at if they weren't here?

We watch the Juniors worrying over their solid geometry, and smile at their care-worn faces. Our mathematics don't make our lives miserable. The Juniors worry about their Latin, too, and tear their hair at the prospect of a "literary exam." We smile and realize how young they are for their age. Still, we ought to add that the Juniors are very obliging when we get into a tight place in geometry, and are able occasionally to make helpful suggestions about our Latin, even though their fund of knowledge is small.

The Seniors are too much preoccupied with their own dignity to bother us much, but they speak to us now when they meet us, and seem to think that we have at length grown large enough so they can see us as they pass by. We aren't consulted in the least about anything they wish to do to the Juniors. They don't tell us when their flag is going up, but, nevertheless, they expect us to stand back and appland everything they do. But we must excuse them, as it is their nature to be selfish and to want all the honor.

The Juniors talked a great deal about Cæsar last year, and said some things behind his back that he wouldn't have been over proud to hear. We don't object to him at all! He isn't hard for us, and we don't see why the Juniors made such a fuss about him. We wonder if the Seniors' lamentations over Virgil are also such fine examples of hyperbole.

We don't quite relish sitting directly in front of the platform, but we remember that we should not be selfish, and we certainly would be selfish were we to deprive the Seniors and Juniors of the opportunity of looking at us. We are sure that the intellectual shape of our heads must inspire those behind us to do better work. We have decided to remain where we now sit until the end of this year, just to show our unselfish dispositions. At the end of that time we'll move to the south, and devote ourselves to the study of nature. There we shall have a beautiful view. We shall gaze upon the magnificent Mississippi River, and learn to let our lives flow on peacefully without noise or effort. On warm days we shall have the windows raised and drink in the fresh, balmy breezes of the South. When we are tired of study we can rest our eyes upon the exquisite green coloring of Missouri. With all this in mind we will patiently wait until next September.

All in all, our year has been extremely happy, and we are quite satisfied with the respect and consideration shown us. As we resign our place here to the present Freshmen, the best we can wish them is that they may do as well as we have done. We ask the world to be patient and not to grow discouraged over difficulties and trials; for in two more years it will have us to fight its battles and solve its problems.

RESSIE GREEN

Attention!

A new stock of pamphlets containing the complete "History of the Drama" has just be received by us, edited in a concise form, especially for school use, saving pupils and instructors extra time and effort. If not found entirely satisfactory, money will be refunded. Do not fail to see them at the English 3 L Department,

A. H. S. Book Supply Co., Seminary Square.

Sophomore Courage.

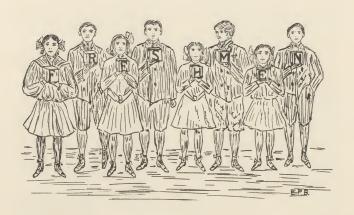


HE best quality of the class of '08 is its bravery, and of this Richard Sparks is the best example. We cannot relate all the instances in which Richard has shown his courage, but we will briefly narrate his most recent and striking feat. Harry Mathews and Richard Sparks have been friends as devoted to each other as Damon and Pythias, but the ancient friendship died an untimely death, because of an innocent remark of Richard's to the effect that Harry Mathews' parents had had to order an extra large camera in order to take Harry's picture and get his head all on the photograph. Richard had no proof of this, and it is doubtful whether his statement would have held good in a court of law.

Afterward, when he discovered how angry Harry was, Richard offered to modify his statement and said that perhaps Harry's parents had not been able to buy a camera but might have borrowed one for the occasion. But it was of no avail. Harry was mortally offended. If the two foes met one another in the street they would pass with the freezing demeanor of two women who are wearing exactly the same sort of a hat. From this it can be seen how deadly the hatred had grown. At last Harry challenged Richard to a duel. As Richard has heart trouble he could not fight hand to hand, but he sent word to Harry that he would fight under the following conditions: The two opponents to stand at a distance of 100 yards apart and to hurl geometrical solids at each other until both were disabled. Of course Harry was frightened at the prospect of so deadly a duel and so he confessed that his parents had really bought the camera, but as it proved far too small for the purpose intended, no picture had actually been taken. Richard magnanimously accepted this frank explanation "so they shook hands and swore brothers."

Contributed by a Sophomore.

Why doesn't Agnes Kelley use a Kinloch phone? Because she has a Bell so near. In which event did Robert Goff take "first" in the Class Meet? In the Standing Broad Grin. When does the moon change? Never; from B. C. (we learn) it has been the same old moon.







FRESHMAN CLASS.

Colors-Scarlet and Black.

ROLL.

Jaclyn Argo. Joe Beatty. Marjorie Betts. Wilmot Black Martin Bristow. Lewis Calame. Daisy Campbell. Lucille Chamberlain. Mamie Coleman Mae Coulter. Frances Cousins. Rhea Curdie Lucy Degenhardt. Loomis Dorsey. Florence Doughty. Flizabeth Eberhardt.

Bertha Edwards Virginia English. Frances Fechner. Clarence Fecht Bertha Fiegenbaum. Emmet Fitzgerald. Charles Flach. Veronica Fleming. Florence Getsinger. Imo Gillham. Alma Green. Alvira Halev. Helen Hall. Harvey Harris. George Hermann. Kathleen Heskett.

Kendall Hopkins. Fannie Hubner. Harry Johnston. Edward Juttemeye Mamie Kelsey. Fannie Kerrell. Grace Koehne. Amandus Koenig. Hilda Kohler. William Korte. Hannah Kranz. Eunice Lavenue. Amelia Leady. Ruth Leeper. William Levis.

Helen Hope.

Viola Loarts.
Hallie Mae Logan.
Leila Logan.
Stanley Lynch.
Jacob Lipsky.
Clifford Lang.
Fay McAdams.
Miles Maguire.
Lillian Marsh.
Philomene Marum.
Harry Mathews.
Joseph Mohr.
Kirk Mook.
Alice Morris.

Warren Mullen.

Ernst Netzhammer.	Edna Radeliff.	Rebecca Schwartz.	Minnie Uebelhack.
Thomas Nolan.	Mildred Redmond.	Nelson Schweppe.	Amelia Valentine.
John Olin.	Lewis Reis.	Fannie Smith.	Myrtle Volz.
Leland Osborn.	Hortense Rodgers.	Walter Smith.	Verna Warner.
Fern Oulson.	Nettie Roseberry.	Margaret Stack.	Tilton Wead.
Raymond Patrick.	Cecilia Rothacher.	Florence Steiner.	Gustave Weber.
Hazel Patterson.	Mae Rowan.	Sanford Taylor.	James Wilson.
Lauretta Paul.	Alice Ryrie.	Daniel Toothill.	George Yackel.
Pearl Paul.	Edna Sawyer.	Lelia Tribble.	Fay Yaeger.
Wilma Pierce.	Edith Schwaab.	Pearl Trube.	Florence Ziegler.
George Pillsbury.			

Announcement.

We are particularly fitted to supply new and original class songs, yells and ruffles, and will give careful instruction in the use of alarm clocks, toy balloons and cat-calls. We have taken a special course in all these arts, and therefore solicit your patronage, confident that we shall be able to give entire satisfaction to all our patrons.

BOWMAN, BOWLER & EWERS CO.

The Satisfied Freshman.



HAT is a school without its "Freshmen"? (especially us). Why, the Seniors had to take back seats when we entered the High School, and in June they will have to get out entirely. Just think how much room we occupy, while the Seniors have only a few seats in the corner. Then, too, our corner is ever so much more cheerful than their's. Red is such a cheerful color and we have at least eight persons with red hair while they have only one, and her's is almost yellow. Ours are all shades, from brownish red to yellowish.

And then our members! They are nothing if not wise. We can give definitions such as Webster himself never thought of. For instance, one of our illustrious members, when asked in English class to give the difference between a husking bee and an apple bee, replied that a husking bee did not fly around flowers while an apple bee lived on apple blossoms. Could a Senior have said that? Well, I guess not! Is there a single Senior who knows anything about Latin Future Subjunctives? Not one; but we can write the future subjunctive of any Latin verb, and if, by mistake, the person who invented Latin forgot one of the principal parts of a verb, we can easily make one that is just as good and serves the purpose quite as well.

And what curiosities have the Seniors that we have not? They boast of their one and only giant, but there are at least two Freshmen taller than Ed. Enos and exer so much thinner; and Amandus Koenig is much smaller than their pigmy. They have a violinist, it is true, but even the Seniors themselves admit that with her short arms she can not reach as high notes as our fiddler can. They have only one automatic giggler while we have at least half a dozen. Have they a lat girl to compare with ours? Or a living skeleton to exhibit beside Kirk Mook?

The conceited Seniors think that when we look solemnly at them we are thinking how wise they are, but, to tell the truth, we are much oftener thinking how very much wiser we shall be when we are Seniors.

Now if anyone knows something we cannot compete with the Seniors in, just let it be made known to us and we will see about it. In the meanwhile, "Three Cheers for 1909!!!!"

TILTON WEAD.

First Impressions of the High School.



IE class of 1910 has the distinction of being the first class to enter the Alton High School in February. Our class numbered 48 when it entered High School but our number has been decreased somewhat by some of the pupils dropping out. When we first entered High School we did so with fear and trembling because a rumor got abroad that we were going to be hazed and for the first week or two, we went to school in squads of three or four for protection, but the hazing was only talk, for none of us were molested. In school it seemed as if everyone looked at us with an air of superiority, and when we left our seats we walked as if we were afraid of something. It seemed to us as though

decades had passed since the time when the seniors were as fresh as we felt and we wondered if they ever looked up to their seniors with the same awe and admiration that we did. When we found the hazing was a myth and were accustomed to the supercitious looks of the higher classes, and had learned to walk again with more assurance, we had time to look around and become acquainted with the faculty: we found them to be perfectly harmless, even to the lady from India, who never leaves her post in the physiology room, and we were beginning to think that she was the only one among them who never lost her head, when—much to our surprise and the chagrin of her able assistant—one rainy morning in March we found that she had completely lost her head. We thought that something exciting would happen every day—we soon found it was pretty much the same old story and that we feel about the same when we are learning that two balls and two balls make four balls or that 2x plus 2x equals 4x.

In our class are found many different races of men, among them being Red-man, Hoff-man, Zimmer-man, Free-man, Chees-man, Spell-man and Ringe-man. We have a Koch, three millers and a Cart-wright. We also have a number of miscellaneous articles including a Bell, a Derrick and a Riehl.

We have lost our little boy, but we still have our Baby Kelley.

Look at us and look again, For we're the class of 1910.

WINFREY HEARNE GREGORY.



THE FEBRUARY CLASS.

COLORS-DARK BLUE AND RED

ROLL.

Estell Peatty.
Florence Bell.
Ulrich Beneze.
Marguerite Bickel.
Dorothy Burns.
Ollie Campbell.
Lenora Cartwright.
Allan Cheesman.
May Clasby.
Chester Cousley.
Hoyt Cox.
Hazel Davis.

Alphonso Derrick. Clara Fiedler. Senia Fiedler. Alma Freeman. Winfrey Gregory. Lillian Hamilton. Ella Hauck. Bertha Hoffman. Warren Hoffman. Lewis Hubbell. Minnie Hughson. Estella Jackson. Etta Jones.
Eva Kelley.
Lenora Koch.
Florence Kuhn.
Julia Linnan.
Frank Little.
Mae Macdonald.
Edith Mathews.
Mae Mathews.
Johanna Masel.
Julius Meisenheimer
Earl Miller.

Oma Miller.
Frieda Netzhammer.
Ora Redman.
Irene Riehl.
Amelia Ringemann.
Ernestine Rost.
Herbert Schaefer.
Mary Spellman.
Frank Stowell.
Irene Threde.
Pauline Zimmerman.

Frank Miller.

The Importance of Training While Still a Freshman.

The boys of the first year classes should realize the importance of early athletic training. Three years from now we should be the defenders of the high school's name and pennant; and to do it as creditably as our predecessors have done will require early training. Therefore, let everyone capable of moving at a pace swifter than a walk, "turn out and practice" this year, and not wait until next year to commence. Remember that Theseus tugged each year before the removed the rock that covered his father's sandals and sword.

WILMOT BLACK.

Commencement News.

It is well known that the superintendent and principal urge the boys of each succeeding graduating class to observe plainness and economy in the selection of graduating costumes. The fair girl graduates usually show a commendable liking for "sweet simplicity", but the boys have thus far displayed an extravagant love for frills and furbelows. The lovers of republican simplicity will be glad to learn that the boys of '06 intend to appear in plain home-made suits of domestic manufacture. The credit for this reform is due solely to George Carhart, whose active brain conceived the plan, and whose eloquent tongue persuaded his classmates that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most."





ORCHESTRA.

LeaderMr.	
Piano	- Harry Goudie
Cornet	Mamie McHenry Allen Cheesman
First Violin	Mr. Richardson Virginia Bowman Harold Curdie Kirk Mook
Second Violin	Carl Bassett Irene Degenhardt Dorothy Burns
Cello	Martin Bristow
Bass Violin	Leland Osborn

Music in the High School.



IE last fifteen minutes in the aftermoon of each day are known as the music period in the High School, and oh, how anxiously we await 3:15 when our music supervisor appears on the scene! At orders issued by our commander, we march (in that quiet, mild manner with which we do everything) to our various stations, with the H. S. sentinels stationed to guard us from any possible danger. The music period is the one time in the day when all four classes of the high school unite. Then we all do the same kind of work and the Senior can show his superiority to the Juniors and Freshmen only by putting a little extra fervor into the tune, (we all have the privilege of doing this.) We each have a seat-

mate during this period, perhaps a Freshman, perhaps a Sophomore, and since "music hatch charms," etc., even a Junior and a Senior have been known to sit together peaceably during the singing hour. This, also, is the only time in which the girls and boys are separated as to the arrangement of seats, the alto and soprano voices of girls together and likewise the bass and the tenor male voices. Often we become so enthusiastic in our singing, that the girls innocently converse (about the music, of course,) while the boys keep time with their feet to such songs as "The Two Grenaders," whenever the piano plays that transping little tune.

The introduction of music into the High School has made the pupils acquainted with the works of many of the best artists; such songs as "The Lake," part of the oratorio "Messiah," and also of the "Elijah," the well known "Captain, My Captain," Burns' charming "Love is like a Red, Red Rose," and many others qual value.

There is a rapidly-growing increase in both the quantity and quality of music furnished in the High School. This has especially been shown within the last year by the young male voices which have recently been transferred from Lincoln School. To show further the interest which the pupils take in the music course, the girls from all classes have voluntarily formed a High School chorus, consisting of sixty-eight members, who meet once a week at the close of the school session. Every Monday evening one can see the chorus girls gathered about, chatting and laughing, and waiting for some lingering girls or boys to take their leave. The supervisor just succeeds in restoring

order and the girls' voices get in tune, when somebody's tramping and stumbling feet draw every one's eyes toward him; the piano gets ahead of the singers and all that remains to be done is to "begin again." Finally the rehearsal begins properly and the singing is well done. The High School chorus has supplied the music at our entertainments for the last few years; the girls have not appeared in public this year but we expect to hear them soon.

Mr. Richardson has organized a High School orchestra consisting of twelve pieces. We have here representatives from all the four classes, including even two members of the class that entered in February. Kirk Mook, Harold Curdie, Virginia Bowman, Irene Degenhardt, Carl Basett and Dorothy Burns play the violin; Mamie McHenry and Allen Cheeseman, the former a senior and the latter one of the freshest of the Freshmen (having entered in the February class) play the cornet; the cello is played by Martin Bristow; the bass violin by Leland Osborn; Harry Goudie is pianist. The orchestra rehearses once a week and the instructor not only directs but also plays an instrument. This orchestra made its first appearance in public upon the day of the Preliminary Intellectual Contest.

Then also a Senior quartette was organized several months ago. This was undertaken by some of the girls of that class, as they believed the wee little boys to be too shy to venture upon so great a thing. With a regular weekly rehearsal, they are preparing to make their appearance on Class Day and again upon Commencement Day.

But,—to speak of the bashfulness of the boys! Before the Senior girls' quartette had an opportunity to appear in public, four of the Junior boys appeared on Feb. 23 on the Patriotic Program. This male quartette greatly surprised and delighted the audience, and really gave the Senior quartette more courage to try hard and excel them,

With all these voluntary musical organizations, we see a constant interest and improvement among the pupils of the school in their music. As one class of pupils interested in music departs from school, another comes in with equally great interest to take their place.

It is interesting to note that several High School pupils, both boys and girls, who have had no musical training except that received in the public schools, are now members of the Dominant Ninth Chorus.

Emma Hartmann.

Girls' Chorus.

Lorena Bauer.
Marjory Betts.
Leola Bowman.
Lucy Briggs.
Daisy Campbell.
Lucille Chamberlain.
Helen Chapman.
Mae Coulter.
Rhea Curdie.
Lucy Degenhardt.
Joyce Dixon.
Mildred Dixon.
Edna Dooling.
Florence Doughty.
Elizabeth Eberhardt.
Bertha Edwards.

Virginia English.
Frances Fechner.
Bertha Feigenbaum
Gertrude Gallagher.
Florence Getsinger.
Imo Gillbam.
Mildred Gwinner.
Virginia Harrison.
Sadie Henick.
Kathleen Heskett.
Helen Hope.
Emily Hoppe.
Minnie Hughson.
Famie Kerrell.
Grace Koehne.
Hannah Kranz.

Lela Lang. Amelia Leady. Ruth Leeper. Hallie Mae Logan. Leila Logan. Hannah Masel. Edith Masel. Emice Volan. Anrelia Obermueller. Fern Oulson. Wilma Pierce. Edna Radcliff.

Mildred Redmond.
Hortense Rodger.
Mae Rowan.
Alice Ryrie.
Nettie Roseberry.
Edna Sawyer.
Rebecca Schwartz.
Florence Steiner.
Pauline Tonsor.
Leila Tribble.
Pearl Trube.
Minnie Uebelhack.
Amelia Valentine.
Myrtle Volz.
Verna Warner.

Tilton Wead.





Physical Culture Class.

Jaclyn Argo. Leola Bowman.

Blanche Cartwright.

Mamie Coleman

Mae Coulter.

Rhea Curdie.

Lucy Degenhardt. Florence Doughty.

Frances Fechner.

Bertha Fiegenbaum.

Imo Gillham

Alvira Haley.

Helen Hope.

Emily Hoppe.

Marie Kellev.

Hilda Kohler.

Philomene Marum.

Eunice Nolan.

Hazel Patterson.

Edna Radcliffe Mildred Redmond.

Nettie Roseberry.

Alice Ryrie. Mae Rowan.

Amelia Valentine.

Alton High School Athletics.

ACH successive year at the High School athletics have become more popular until now the interest of almost every pupil is drawn to one sport or another. During the past year the enthusiasm of all persons loyal to the school, was shown to a greater extent than ever before, at the many games of foot ball, basket ball; and also the track meet.

In September, 1905, our renowned foot ball team worked hard and faithfully until, thinking themselves efficient players, they sought a game with the Carrollton team. Ed. Enos was elected captain of the team, and, although green and inexperienced, he was given a temporary trial at the job, for, if a dispute arose, it was thought he could easily overcome his opponent by casting his tiny body against the audacious monster. The Carrollton game was won with the greatest ease imaginable (in a foot ball game) the score being 49-0. Of course this score could have been doubled, but the boys got rather tired of running up and down the field, so decided they would save some of their strength for the next game, which was with the "eleven" of the St. Charles School of Technology. The 7th of October this tribe marched boldly forward to meet their combatants. Our men quaked in their shoes on seeing such gigantic specimens of humanity "lined up." However, after a short time had elapsed Ed. Enos made a touch-down. This gave encouragement to the trembling boys, and the game ended with much cheering for our 18 points to their 0. The two following games, with Greenfield and East St. Louis, each resulted with a score of 18-0. Eighteen seems to be our lucky number, while 0's appear plentifully for the opponents. In the season of 1904, Greenfield won from the A. H. S. foot ball team, and when, in 1905 on October the fourteenth, they came prepared to play the "High," it was with the greatest expectancy of winning. But "the worst was yet to come" (for them)! They were compelled to return to their native town bearing defeat with the above mentioned score. The game with East St. Louis was a hard one, as the opposing team cherished hard feelings towards us. While the game was at its crisis our full back was laid out with a broken collar bone; but Alton kept up courage and accordingly won the game. The last team High tackled was Shurtleff, and after a hard struggle

Degenhardt made a touch-down, which was the only scoring done in the game. This ended the successful season of foot ball.

In the month of November every one took to indoor games, the greatest interest being taken in basket ball by both boys and girls. For the boys the prospects did not seem so favorable as they had the perfore, since both Beall and Hagar, our star forwards, had graduated. After some practice the coach found very good material in three very earnest workers. The team was chosen, and on December 25th they met their "Waterloo" when they encountered the Columbia A. A. team. The Columbians were the champions of Missouri and came over to "show us" what they could do. We had a false impression of them, thinking they were not above the High School standard, but much to our dismay we found them to be entirely out of our class. Perhaps it was the worry over their Christmas dinner that caused our boys to lose; who knows? It is deemed unnecessary to relate the score. This defeat seemed to discourage our players for several weeks after, as they thought the fault lay in their playing rather than in the strength of their opposers.

At about 6:30, on the evening of December 27th, a large crowd of merry Altonians left for Edwardsville on a special car to witness a game. The game was called at 8 o'clock amid the excitement of a great number of anxious spectators. For some time decided failure seemed imminent, although at last we won with a close score of 18—15, and it proved to be the most interesting and stirring game of the season.

The manager then secured a game with the Alton Turners, and in this we lost. But our team determined to overcome their boasting antagonists, and did so several weeks later, scoring 47—7. Not content with our complete victory, the Turners worked harder than ever before for the banner game, which occurred not long afterwards. Their work proved in vain, for again "High" showed her efficiency at basket ball playing. At the game with McKinley High School of St. Louis the score of 18 was tied. McKinley urged our men to play until a goal should be thrown, which the "center" did, in a few seconds, with no apparent effort. Having been challenged by Webster Grove High School, our team encountered this most ferocious and resisting power with "fear and trembling." Never before has such courtesy been shown to the Alton boys (they even let us win) and it was not unappreciated. Both sides fought long (2) and hard (2) to gain the close (2) score (however, not to their extreme delight) of 36—7.

All returned safe and sound with the exception of Olin Ellison, who, in scrambling around for his collar button and necktie, secured the illustrious privilege of staving in the Union Station the remainder of the night. A few other games were played with equal interest and success.

The girls' basket ball team had a very interesting season, but since it has been fully treated in another article it will not be necessary to dwell upon it.

Among other sports Miss Reppert organized an archery class which has been faithfully attended by the members. A physical culture class of more than forty members was also directed by Miss Reppert. This class has enjoyed immensely the drills with Indian clubs and other work.

And now we come to the track team! Everyone has been wondering what could be done without Beall and Hagar, but though they are missed, wonderful material has developed in a number of the enthusiastic boys who "train" obediently at the orders of the coach. Good time is being made in the runs, and last year's records have all been broken in the field events. We are hopefully looking forward to May 11th, the day of the annual "meet," It is there that our material will show up to the best of its advantage.







Foot Ball Team.

PERCY LEWIS							Left End
ALBERT DEGENHAL	ATEV.						t Tackle
ESTULL BEATTY							ft Guard
HERBERT GILL, L	orie Evin						
TRIVIAN COURT	12.576						
TRUMAN STELLE						Righ	it Guard
JAMES SQUIRE						- Righ	t Tackle
GERSHOM GILLHAN	1 .					Ri	ght End
STANLEY ALLEN, (CARL BEY					Quart	
OLIN ELLISON							
WILLIAM KOEHNE						Left H	
Enwarn Ever Co	nani-					Right H	
EDWARD ENOS, Ca	pram					. F	all Back
	Coa	ch—Mr	. A. E.	Barr.	DELL.		
		C1.1	CTITEL T	TOTOG			
			STITU				
CHARLES FREEMAN							Contro
EDWIN SPARKS, C.	RLISLE B	ERMAN					Count
WILLIAM WOLF							Guards
						Ha	ilf Back
	FOOT B	ALL R	ECORE	FOR	1905.		
Sept. 30 Alto	ns vs. Ca	rollton.	at Alto	n .			490
Oct. 7 Alto:	ns vs. St.	Charles	at Alto				
Oct. 14 Alto	ns vs. Gre	anfiald	nt Alter	-11			18-0
	no vs. (116	cillield,	at Altoi	1 .			
	ns vs. Eas						18-0
Oct. 28 Alto	ns vs. Shu	irtleff, a	Alton				5-0



Basket Ball Team.

CARLISLE BIERN	IAN			Left Guard
GERSHOM GILLI	LAM.			
Edward Enos				
CARL BEALL				
Louis Exos				Right Forward
OLIN ELLISON				. Substitute

Basket Ball Record.

	Dublict Buil Itoobia.	
	Alton vs. Columbia A. A., at Alton, Alton vs. Edwardsville, at Edwardsville, .	10—66 18—15
1906. January 1. January 12. January 26.	Alton vs. Turners, at Alton, Alton vs. McKinley H. S., at Alton, Alton vs. W. M. A., at Upper Alton, Alton vs. Webster Grove, at Webster Grove,	
February 17. February 19. February 26.	Alton vs. Webster Grove, at Alton, . Alton vs. Turners, at Alton, . Alton vs. Central H. S., at Alton, . Alton vs. Spaldings, at Alton, .	44— 4 46— 7 21—30

The Class Meet of '06.



INCE thefirst day of April a stranger might have known that there would soon be "something doing" in Alton High School. The stereotyped conversation which took place when two pupils met would have shown that. It was always this: "Who do you think will win the Class Meet?" "Sophomores will clean up on everything, Freshmen won't get a point." "Wonder how many first places Ed will get?" If the stranger had been interested enough to inquire what all this meant, he would have found out that on the 27th of April there was to be the Preliminary or Class Meet, which excites more interest and talk than even the County Meet. It is the subject of the conversation of the High School

boys and girls everywhere in Alton. There is a general rousing of class spirit, the pupils choose colors, make up songs and ear splitting yells, such as:

Gee ha, gee ha! Sis, boom, ba! Juniors, Juniors! Ra, Ra, Ra!

Strawberry short cake, blackberry pie! V-I-C-T-()-R-Y!!
We are Sophomores strong and spry!
That we are, Ki vi, Ki vi!

All the people wondered what was to be done with the class that had entered in February. Some thought that they would go in with the Freshmen, but it soon turned out that that class did not want them. An inquisitive person asked a first year girl why they did not take the lonely children in with them. She replied: "We don't want any of those greenies." (Poor child, but a short twenty weeks before, she was a greenie.) But I guess you are getting anxious for the Meet (the Sophomores spell it "Meat" for they thought they couldn't help winning it.)

The day dawned bright and clear. At two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Turner dismissed the boys who were to take part in the Meet. Then after telling the rest of the school to keep off the grass he let them go. By the time the spectators had found their places, the contestants for the 50 yard dash were off,—they went like a shot. At the finish a little boy in white duck pants got in the way; he was knocked down but he soon forgot it as his class had got the first two places. Then everybody yelled. The Sophs yelled because Harry and Stan. had won 1st and 2nd places; the Seniors yelled because Ed came in 3rd; the Juniors yelled because Gillham came in 4th and the Freshmen yelled because it was the end of the first event and they had nothing better to do.

Those who had entered the shot put were by this time rubbed down and waiting in various costumes on the grass near the west door. Mr. Barradell assigned them to their places and the putting began. The third man in the ring put the shot with deadly intent at Mr. Haight, who was measuring the results of the trials, but our active super-intendent dodged and escaped death by a hair's breadth. This event ended with Ed in the lead and the Sophomore inflant next. Nothing of interest happened during the hammer throw which was the next event, except that Ed got first and the Freshmen "left;" this you will find to be a rule during the meet with some exceptions in the first half of the meet and one in the last.

Next came the 100 yard dash. This finished with the same men gaining place as in the 50 yard, except that this time Ed got first and the two Sophomores were shoved back a place each to make it even.

The fifth event was the high jump. It started low and the two best jumpers refused till the rest had burnt themselves out to fifty-nine inches, then they began. Gillham stopped at sixty-two inches. At sixty-three Ed got over after hard work, but Bierman failed. Gee, but had not Gillham surprised the crowd! Not many there knew he could jump 'push pins.''

In the 220 yard dash, though Ed ran fast and won he did not have any time to look back as in Edwardsville last year, for Stan, was coming in good and close.

The seventh event, the half mile, was won by Goudie with Sparks a very close second. The Senior wind in this case was good for only 4th place; their other man forgot he was running and walked in.

The hurdle was run in two heats of three entries each. The two who won each of these heats were entered in the final, which was won by Allen, with Wolf second.

Ed won the standing broad jump and again Wolf was second, beating Bierman by half an inch.

In the running broad jump several of the boys, to keep the crowd back, would make a slip at the end of the jump and hit the crowd a hard blow. This was very interesting to those who were in the way. Ed won this event; Mathews, second.

Ed won the quarter mile with Goudie second

In the pole vault Wolf won; Louis Enos, Johnson and Marcus Taylor got the next three places.

In the relay race which was the last event, something happened. The Sophomores won, which was not surprising; but everybody yelled when they found that the Freshmen had got their only points in the last event. Two points was the amount. But they were not shut out. Hurrah!

ASHLER B. TAYLOR.

Reproduction of Ancient Greek Life.

As an evidence of the enthusiasm excited among the boys of the High School by the study of Greek History, we need but to refer to a reproduction of one of the old Greek wars voluntarily undertaken and presented in the gymnasium before a small but appreciative audience. Mounted upon hurdles and armed with sticks, ropes and vaulting poles, the opposing bands of cavalry charged each other in a most realistic manner. Mr. B., who arrived upon the scene just at the close of the combat, was so pleased by the performance that he gave the performers permission to remain out of the gymnasium "until further notice."

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The Busy Basket Ball Season.



DNGFELLOW says in one of his poems: "The day is long and dark and dreary." This is what pupils in school sometimes think, but if some one says: "Good practice game this evening," then all those that participate in the game of basket ball are aroused, and the school work, which a moment ago seemed so dull, now takes on an aspect of brightness and ease. In this good humor the basket ball players rush to the basement at 3:30, don their suits, and then go to the gym, they wend their way, each player prepared to distinguish himself by some great play (such as Old High is noted for.) With this good spirit the girls and boys began practicing in the fall of 1905, and it was amusing to hear the

"I can'ts" when our capable coach gave us some starring (?) stunts to perform. But such complaints soon disappeared, and it is most astonishing to state that several of those who used those little words appeared on the first team. (Practice makes perfect.)

Of course, the boys' team needed encouragement at the beginning of the season, so the girls (who are always ready to do some kind deed) responded to the necessity and challenged the Shurtleff College lassies, who said that they "sure were gwine to show Old High's team how to play the game this time." At the appointed day, December 16th, both teams appeared, and after playing "catch her" awhile with their opponents on Turner Hall floor, the High School girls claimed the victory, the score being 9-5.

In the meantime, the Central Alumnæ of St. Louis had challenged us, probably thinking they would play us an easy game and end up with a score something like this: Alumnæ, 40: Alton, 0. But we played them a good hard game in our gymnasium and our young (?) opponents had to be satisfied with winning the game by one point. Score, 8 to 7. This defeat rather encouraged than discouraged the glrls, and we began practicing vigorously for the game to be played with Central High at the Western Military Academy of Upper Alton. The St. Louis team arrived here about 1 o'clock, and at 3 o'clock both teams were ready for the fight. The ball was in play about two minutes when

it whirled to Alton's goal and the smallest player of our team put it in, much to the chagrin of the Missouri girls. After this it seemed as though we were more attracted by the floor than by the ball, for after every short run we gave the audience some fine exhibitions of graceful falling, sliding and many other stunts, which made the game exceedingly interesting. The St. Louis girls' basket seemed to possess the qualities of a magnet, for, strange to say, the ball was almost always in their magnetic field, and every few moments would shoot above their basket and drop into it, making the game result in this score: 24 to 5 in Central's fayor.

The next game on the schedule was one to be played with Collinsville. We knew they needed plenty of room, coming from a large city, so we again played at W. M. A., and after performing some spectacular feats on the slippery floor, we won the game by 9 points; 18 to 9, Alton's favor. Our return game with Central High fell on the 20th of January, and with a small crowd of rooters we journeyed to Louisiana Hall. The team was not in the best condition, and the fact that we played at an unusually early hour (1:15) after a two-hour ride also counted against us, and the score at the last of the forty minutes played was 22 to 2. After the game we were treated to a lunch, and nothing need be said of what we did to it.

The Collinsville girls thought by this time they had practiced enough to give us a stiff return game. So, in order to convince them that they were mistaken, we played a game there. When we got out on the floor to take a few throws at the baskets, we were amazed to see what a fine device they had for keeping the baskets stationary. So much were we amazed that we really feared hitting the baskets with the ball, for on seeing what sharp-shooters we were the whole affair trembled for many minutes afterwards, as if terrified. In the beginning of the game, especially through the first half, we let the Collinsville girls score a few points in order to make the game interesting, and then we easily scored 14 points in five minutes. Result: Collinsville, 13: Alton, 20.

By this time our popularity had increased so much that challenges were received from everywhere, even from Chicago, but we selected Webster Grove and the Defenders for our additional opponents. We played Webster Grove in our gym. February 17th. Our boys' team played the Webster Grove boys on the same aftermoon, and both games were fast and exciting, the girls' game, of course, proving to be somewhat faster than the boys'. The girls' score was 8 to 1. On the 24th of February the Defenders tried their luck with us, and since they were from Missouri, and

that "you'll have to show us," we certainly did "show them" that the victory was ours. Score, 8 to 3. The next game was one played with the modest little Alumna girls. We knew they intended to give us a stinging defeat, so we played harder than ever, and scored three points in about four minutes. To make things even, they also scored three points after much roughness and complaining. This ended the first half, with the score 3 to 3. Our opponents being much taller and also stronger physically, had the advantage of not being exhausted when the second half began, while our team had been weakened considerably; but we played on and gave the other girls a merry chase. Glad to escape alive, we gave them the victory with the good score, 9 to 3.

While green ribbons were floating everywhere on St. Patrick's Day, and with our coach wearing a large green carnation leading the way, we made our way to St. Louis to play the Defenders. Luck seemed to have left us that day, and not having fully recovered from the effects of the Alumine game, we returned to Alton a defeated team, the score having been 7 to 5. On the way home we were very kindly treated with such delicacies as are always welcome to hungry girls; sandwiches, stuffed dates, and sweetmeats of all kinds. In the best of spirits we returned to Alton, for why should we feel badly about our defeat—was our mascot not missing?

Our happy basket ball season ended with a game which was played at Webster Grove. The season had been an interesting one, and though we did not win victory after victory, yet we do not regrethaving worked for Old High as we did, for in choosing our opponents we took this maxim: "Nothing venture, nothing have," and often we were the victorious team. The boys' team learned that, "Defeat makes one stronger," for though they lost some games, they won most of the games of the season.

May the teams of the future have great success, and take for their motto: "Not for the glory of self, but for the glory of Old High."



Girls' Basket Ball Team.

EUNICE NOLAN Right Forward MARIE DAWSON Left Forward FRIEDA GOSSRAU Center Laura Smith Right Guard VIRGINIA BOWMAN Left Guard EDNA KOCII, EUSEBIA MARTIN Substitutes
Basket Ball Schedule.
1905.
December 16. Alton vs. Shurtleff College, at Alton, 9- 5
December 23. Alton vs. St. Louis Alumnæ, at Alton,
1906.
January 6. Alton vs. St. Louis Central High School, at Alton, 5-24
January 20. Alton vs. St. Louis Cent. High School, at St. Louis, 2—22
January 27. Alton vs. Collinsville, at Alton,
February 10. Alton vs. Collinsville, at Collinsville,
February 17. Alton vs. Webster Grove, at Alton, 8— 1
February 24. Alton vs. St. Louis Defenders, at Alton, 8— 3
March 10. Alton vs. St. Louis Alumnæ, at St. Louis, . 3-9
March 17. Alton vs. St. Louis Defenders, at St. Louis, 5-7
March 30, Alton vs. Webster Grove, at Webster Grove. 6-9

Basket Ball Socials.



ALL the basket ball delights and benefits, there is none more generally popular with the girls, and none more generally participated in, than the basket ball socials. These are held in our gymnasium every fourth Wednesday of the school month, when all, from promising amateurs of the first year, to skillful and trained first-team girls, join in gilb conversation, mental and athletic contests, and epicurean pleasures. There dignified Seniors play "tag" with the Freshmen and jolly Juniors perform wonderful feats on the trapeze for the amusement of the delighted Sophomores. Even the faces of our grave chaperones lose their solemn and awful expression, and beam with keen delight on our fun. The

first social was given in the second school month. The entertainment committee had been keeping their brains busy for a week, planning all sorts of games for us. The consequences were that we had more forms of amusement than we could make use of in two hours of only sixty short minutes each. The first game was mental gymnastics. After we had squatted, Indian fashion, in a large ring on the "gym." floor slips of paper were passed around on which puzzles were printed. Much talking and laughing followed as we tried to solve the puzzles. After they had been explained and we were again seated in a circle, the door opened and in came the refreshment committee with huge dishes of delicious sandwiches, potato salad, pickles, cake and fruit. Alas! how many repented their greediness that night when they had dreams of hanging from the trapeze, first by a little finger, then by a toe; of running races up the brick wall of the gymnasium, and like the frog in the algebra problem, at every leap of two feet upward falling back one foot.

At another social a new plan was tried, and the entertainment committee ordered us all to wear our "gym." suits. After we arrived, they announced that races would be the prominent feature of the evening, and the winners would receive silver medals, gold medals, and grand gold medals. These were made by the committee after a very unique pattern, which, like the design of the fabric of Miss Alice's wedding gown, was immediately destroyed, so that no others of their kind exist. In the first tace the competitors had to run the length of the gymnasium without drop-

ping a potato from the back of their hands. The next race was a three-legged race, in which even Miss F, and Miss R, tied together, could be seen stumbling down the gymnasium. The sack race, in spite of, or because of (?) the many falls, caused much laughter. The winner of each group was duly awarded with a silver medal, and then those having silver medals had the privilege of running all the races again for the gold medals. The fortunate persons who won gold medals were praised very generally, and they themselves were perhaps a little conceited. Being fatigued, we all naturally arranged ourselves in a circle on the floor, and each girl was given a beautifully (?) made stocking filled with all sorts of goodies. While we were thus employed Miss F, rose in the center of the magic circle. Immediately the noisy chatter ceased, and one gentle clear voice commanded our attention. With breathless silence we listened to the words of praise to those honored persons who had won silver and gold medals, and with what open-mouthed wonder we gazed as she held aloft a grand gold medal of exquisite workmanship. At first, silently and with beating hearts, we all wondered who the fortunate person was who had won the most medals, but when hiss F, pronounced "Nellie McCrea," we all broke into one mighty shout. After the congratulations we proceeded to get ready for home, so that just as we came out of the building the melodious sounds of curiew broke on our ears, warning us that we should hasten home; for what Alton High School girl is not afraid of the policeman after curiew has rung?

On April 24th our last, but most interesting, social was given. The invitation was extended to all of the basket ball boys, Mrt. Barradell, their coach, Mr. Bird, their manager, and Mr. Haight. About 8 o'clock we cagerly made our way to the High School gymnasium. Did we dream it, or were we actually entering a Japanese summer garden? Chairs were arranged in groups along the length of the gymnasium, and high up on a line, stretched from post to post, swung bright-colored parcels of all shapes and sizes. Before we had time to investigate, one of the boys was on his way to wim a prize. Blinfolded, he was turned round and round, like the sage with the pig-tail, then told to walk straight ahead until he thought that he was near enough to the parcels to move one by blowing. If he moved one—O, hear! it would be his. Slowly he made his way, and after several attempts at blowing the wall he moved one of the largest and brightest parcels. With eager yes we watched him open it, and wrapped up in all of that paper was—a little metal rooster, with an aluminum body, a red tail, and a green head. Although everyone had a chance to "blow," not every person was successful; nevertheless, there was quite a collection of whistles, colored balls, jacks and puzzles. The evening's fun was continued by a series of races, in which the successful persons were rewarded

with engraved medals. The first of the events was the egg race, in which an egg shell had to be fanned from one end of the gymnasium to the other. If you have ever seen a feather blown about in the air, you can imagine the winding course which the competitors were compelled to take. Around and around the egg would go, now on one side of the floor, now under some chair, then directly across to the other side, instead of ahead. With the exception of two or three, they were finally crushed into tiny bits. While those who were fanning the eggs were having great difficulty with little success or glory, the spectators were furnished a great deal of sport and amusement. There were several kinds of potato races, the most interesting being the relay potato race. After the exertion and excitement of contests, we were all seated, and although all suspected that "something good" was coming, no one had dreamed of anything so delicious and generous as the heaped-up dishes of ice cream, and plates with toppling pyramids of fluffy cake that were carried in by light-footed basket ball maidens. Although there was much talking and laughing, enough time was found to do institute to the refreshments.

There were four persons who had won silver and gold medals. These, Joe Beatty, Carlisle Bierman, Frieda Gossrau, and Eusebia Martin, were to compete in a final peanut race, in which they had to run a certain distance without letting a peanut fall off of the back of their hands. Carlisle Bierman won the race. The grand gold medal was one of the finest ever brought into the High School. Imagine the lustre and blinding brilliancy of an engraved gold medal six inches by eight inches dangling from a beautiful ribbon. Mr. Barradell presented it to Carlisle with a very flattering speech. After much applauding Carlisle was called upon by cries of "Speech! Speech!" After getting upon a chair in the center of the room and making a dangerously low bow, he explained somewhat excitedly that "he didn't know how he won the race or how he got there," and finally ended with, "I guess, I ga-u-e-s-s-I guess I can't speech any more!" After this we lingered only long enough to make known to the committees what had been very evident the entire evening—that through their efforts our gathering was a delightful and memorable one, and certainly worthy of being the closing event of the basket ball season for both boys and girls.

GRACE R SHELTON



Class Room Brilliants.

IN THE GEOMETRY ROOM.

Original—If two lines are perpendicular to each other, then they are parallel. (Of course no one but a Sophomore could demonstrate this.)

ENGLISH 3.

Mr. R.-What is an optimist?

C. B. (volunteering)—I think he is a doctor who treats the eyes.

HISTORY 4.

Miss R.—Where were the American vessels at this time?

C. B.—The book says that the ships were stored in the stock yards.

LATIN 2.

Teacher—After Regulus was allowed by the Carthaginians to return to Rome, what did he do?

H. H. (translating)—He tore his wife from the embrace of the senate.

Teacher—Why did Cleopatra urge Antony to begin

Volunteer (translating)—Because she desired to be a woman.

Cæsar-Ex equis desiliunt ac pedibus procliantur.

E. S. (translating)—They descended from their horses and were fought by their feet.

IN THE LIBRARY.

Freshman Girl—I want a copy of that poem, "Half a League, Half a League Onward."

Librarian—I can not give it to you just now; the volume of Tennyson's poems is not in.

Freshman Girl (with an air of superiority)—Oh, Tennyson didn't write "Half a League, Half a League:" Shakespeare wrote it.

Senior Boy—Will you get for me Goldsmith's "Life of Irving?

Puzzled Librarian—Is it Irving's "Life of Goldsmith" that you wish?

Senior Boy-I don't think so; Mr. R. told me to ask for Goldsmith's "Life of Irving."

LATIN 1.

Teacher-What does praeda mean

M. M. (glibly)-Booty.

Teacher-And what does "booty" mean?

M. M. (hesitatingly)—Why, booty means little shoes.

HISTORY 2.

Miss R.—What relation is your father's brother to you?

H. C. (confidently)-Half brother.

ENGLISH 3.

Subject of scanning poetry is before the class. E. B. (anxiously)—Can't there be larger feet than those with three words in them?



We Regret to Learn

That Kirk Mook is still taking anti-fat.

That William Wolf's motto is "All work and no play."

That Alida Bowler never studies her lessons.

That Lucia Bowman is tongue tied.

That Eva Kelley will be compelled to leave school at the end of this year because there is no seat in the High School that is large enough for her.

That Carl Beall dyes his hair.

That Ed Enos does not know what a gold medal looks like.

That Al Degenhardt is growing "smaller still and beautifully less."

That Dorothy Buss never stops talking.

That Gershom Gillham has ceased to smile.

That Tommy Stanton refused to "put the shot" at the

May Meet.

That Josephine McPike can never see the point of a joke. That Mabel Uzzell refuses to curl her hair.

That Nelson Schweppe never speaks to a girl.

That Mildred Dixon can not "carry a tune."

That Sadie Henick talks too loud.

That Carlisle Bierman's forelock is too short.

That Hallie Mae Logan reminds all beholders of a Burmese midget.

That Laura Smith can not learn to play basket ball.

That Margaret Bickel is injuring her eyesight by keeping her eyes fixed so steadily upon her books during study hours.

That Dorothy Hanna can not be made to understand the meaning of slang.

That Irene Degenhardt can not tell a bugle-call from a brass button, even when she hears it in Upper Alton. That Margaret Radcliff is so very loyal a Junior that

she insists upon snubbing all Senior boys.

That Harris Weld still wears a brick on his head.

That Ashley Taylor, Chester Pierce and Harrison Jacoby refuse to speak to each other in geometry class or to have any business dealings with each other.

That Martin Bristow intends to stop growing.

That Bessie Green can't bear boys.

That the boys of the Sophomore class take no interest in athletics.

That eleven of the twelve Senior boys formed a combination, intending to take all the "firsts" in the Class Meet; this was not fair to the twelfth member; if they had only let Ed try, he might have won something.

EUSEMA MARTIN, '06, Alias BRAINS.

Ancestor, Pocahontas, Appearance, Dignified, Occupation, Tooting horns, Favorite book, Excelsior, Favorite song, Who is Sylvia² Likes most, To toe in. Hates most, Climbing up Lablers,

NELLIE McCREA, '08.

Ancestor, Scotch Jimmy, Appearance, Singular, Occupation, Getting into trouble, Favorite book, Webster's dictionar Favorite song, Would you care? Likes most, To play baske ball. Hates most, To be obedient. Worte: All's well the rade wall.

KATHLEEN HESKETT, '09, Alias MOTHER HUBBARD.

Ancestor, Kathleen Mavourneen.
Appearance, Demure,
Occupation, Bumping her nose,
Favorite book, The Day of the Dog,
Favorite song, Where, Oh, Where has My Little Dog Gone?
Likes most, Poodles.
Hates most, Cats.
Motto: Let doss delight to bark and hire

STANLEY ALLEN, '08, Alias SPORT.

Appearance, Dandified.
Occupation, Looking for a girl.
Favorite book. Essay on Roast Pig.
Favorite song, When the rolls are baked out youder.
I'll be the
Likes most, A soft hat.
Hates most To be ioillied.

Hates most, To be jollied.

Motto: To consume the fruits of the earth
Needs, A buttonhole bouquet.

Wouldn't You Smile

If Harris Weld's voice "stuck in his throat" (in Latin) and Ashley Taylor's hair "stood on end" (in physics.)

If Stanley Allen wore plain black socks

If Dick Sparks would refrain from rushing every girl

If Louis Enos should suddenly become infatuated with Helen Clare Ryrie.

If Nellie M. and Margaret G. should follow the A. H. S. hird some night after school

f somebody disclosed a more thoughtful countenance than Dorothy Hanna.

If Carl Beall decided "which."
If Kendall Hopkins got the "giggles.

If Vinot told us C. E. does not know where Fourth street is.

If you were told there is only one Jay in the Senior class.

f Nina Gaskins wore spring-heeled shoes

If Eunice Nolan spoke in a whisper,

If Dugald Porter should part his hair on the side.

If Jaclyn Argo received a letter from a cadet.

If Grace Shelton fell down and bumped her nose.

If Dorothy Burns forgot to greet you.

If Clarence Burkhart forgot to wear a collar.

If all the bees in the Senior class should begin to sting each other?



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Answers to Correspondents.

can not some one be found to cut off that "pigtail?"-Anxious Inquirer.

Apply to Olin Ellison of the Sophomore Class; he intends to be a surgeon.—Editor.

Whose love is like a red, red rose?—Freshman Girl, will the devoted admirer of the red-headed Freshman girl please favor our correspondent with his name and address?—Editor.

Why does the sea lay himself down at the foot of the sun ?—Semi-Freshman.

Because he knows that the sun will not dare to step on him for fear of getting his foot wet.—Editor.

Where is the northern land my love dwelt in ?— History Pupil.

Consult Charles Freeman.-Editor

Who has a discarded pair of shoes to donate to the barefoot boy?—Charitable Maiden.

Ed-ward Bas-sett; but has the barefoot boy means to hire some one to help him carry them about.—Editor.

Who is Sylvia? Does she live in the woods?— Beginning-Latin Pupil.

Write to W. S., Stratford-on-the-Avon, inclosing a self-addressed, properly stamped envelope.—Editor.

Will somebody please whip poor Will?—Spitcful

Present at this office a permit from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and "Somebody's" address will be cheerfully furnished.—Editor.

Isn't it about time that day was dead?—Impatient

Call in the physician that-is-to-be of the Senior Class: he will probably be able to hasten Mr. Day's decease.—
Editor.

How many times has our captain fallen cold and dead since last September?—Senior Girl.

Find out how many times the Senior Class wished him, to; from this number subtract one; the remainder will be the answer required.—*Editor*.

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B stand for Botany, if you please; For the Bassetts, Beall, and Bell, For Bierbaum, Bowman, Briggs; all these Tried Botany to spell. C stands for Cæsar, who sought to mar The Junior's peaceful rest; And D for the Dixons, Didlake, Darr, And for Dooling, who knew him best.

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G stands for German and for Geog. For Gaukrodger, Gallagher, Green, And for Gillhams two; in Geometry's bog These scarcely can be seen. H stands for History; and for Horn And Henick, who love it so: And J for Jacoby and Johnston who mourn That Joesting's cake is dough.

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And most jubilant girls in old High;
And for jests and for jeers and for jokes and for joys—
It is **S** that stands for sad sigh.

K stands for Kelly, whom we all like, And L for Latin (speak low!)
And M for Morris, Mitchell, McPike, Who dote upon Cicero. N is for Neininger, Nolan: and see Here's O for the only Oben, While P is for Physics, Physiology, Loved by Porter and Pierce—strong men!

But there is no **Q**—no quake, no quit, In the Junior Alphabet; Of quibble and quarrel they know not a bit, And quiver they never have met.

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And U for Unterbrink.
With whom Uzzell comes into view—

V is for Volz, as fair as May, And W for White, 'tis clear; But X, Y, Z have been carried away By Algebra's bow and spear.

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LULU COYLE. '08, Alias CURLY.

Ancestor, Napoleon,
Appearance, Perpendicular,
Occupation, Meditation,
Favorite Book, Little Men,
Favorite Book, Cotalin, My Captain,
Likes most, Cadets,
Hates most, Thin hair,
Motto: Little things become a little person

DICK SPARKS, '08,
Alias, PET.

Ancestor, Centaur,
Appearance, Fascinating,
Occupation, Attracting attention,
Favorite book, Black Beauty,
Favorite song, Boots and Saddles,
Likes most, Drawing horses,
Hates most, Walking,
Motto: A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a lorse!

NETTIE ELBLE, '08, Alias SPRING BEAUTY.

Needs, A "steady."

Ancestor, Samuel Smiles. Appearance, Sofa-pillow-like, Occupation, Making dates, Favorite book, What Nettie Saw in a Looking Glass, Favorite song, Coax Me, Likes most, Boys. Hates most, To be squelched.

Motto: Laugh and the world laughs with you.

MARGARET BICKEL, '10, Alias MIDGE.

Ancestor, Tom Thumb.
Appearance, Satisfied.
Occupation, Looking wise.
Favorite book, My Lady, Her Toile
Favorite song, Longing,
Likes most, Princess gowns,
Hates most, Work.
Motto: Last but not least.

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MILDRED DIXOX, '07.

Alias PAT.

Ancestor, Madam Schmumm Heink

Appearance, Tilted. Occupation, Flirting

Favorite book, Grimm's Fairy Tales

Favorite song, Slumberland. Likes most, Moonlight rides.

Motto: The early bird catches the worns

Motto: The early bird G

KIRK MOOK, '09,

Ancestor, Jack Sprat. Appearance, Spectral.

Favorite book, The First Violin.
Favorite song, Every Little Bit Helps.

Likes most. Playing hor

Motto: Man wants but little here below,

Nor wants that little long.

Needs. A brick on his head.

1MO GILLHAM, '09,

Alias, HAYSEED.

Ancestor, Maud Muller Appearance, Rotund, Occupation, Mowing, Favorite book, Hamlet,

Favorite song, I'll Tell My Ma.

Hates most, Seniors.

Motto: Make hay while the sun showed

Motto: Make nay w

OLIN ELLISON, '08.

Alias, FOUR-EYES. Ancestor, Adam.

> Appearance, Square. Occupation, Farming.

Favorite book, The Hoosier Girl.

Favorite song, Down on the Farn Likes most. His dinner.

Hates most, Plowing.

Motto: A rolling stone gathers no moss,

Needs, A stretcher.

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MAMIE NIXON, '08, Alias, HAPPY THOUGHT

Favorite book. At the Time Appointed.

Hates most. To be silent.

But I go on forever.

Needs, Help.

NELSON SCHWEPPE, '09.

Occupation. Entertaining the gentle sex.

Likes most, Walking to school with Hates most. To be ostracized from girls' society,

Motto: Everyone has his taste.

Needs, To liven up.

RICES, '08,

Alias, CHINEE.

Ancestor, Romulus and Remus.

Favorite song, You and I.

Motto: No one is the only one.

ASHLEY TAYLOR, '07, Alias, TORMENT.

Appearance, Goody-goody.

Occupation. Dropping pencils.

Favorite song, Teasing.

Motto: Punishment is a close attendant upon crime.

CARL BASSETT, 07, Alias, SPUNKY.

> Ancestor, Dr. Ramrod, Appearance, Professorial, Occupation, Giggling,

Favorite book, The Lady or the Tiger

Favorite song. Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, and so do I.

Likes most, To be contrary. Hates most, To study English. Motto: Act and say nothing.

LEA JOHNSON, '06,

Ancestor, Gutenberg,
Appearance, Lady-like,
Occupation, Printing,
Favorite book, Lucille,
Favorite song, I Like You,
Likes most, To butt in,
Hates most, His own sex,
Motto: Love conquers all things

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